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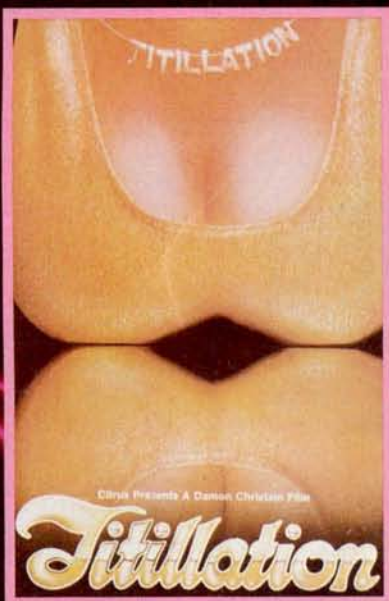
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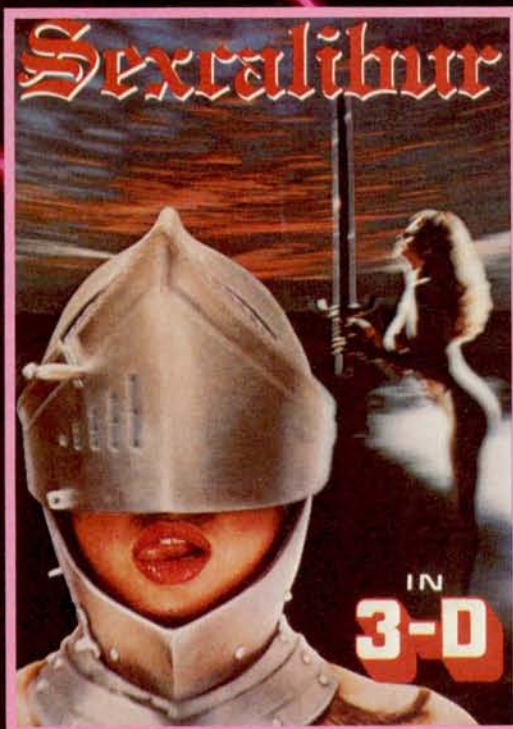


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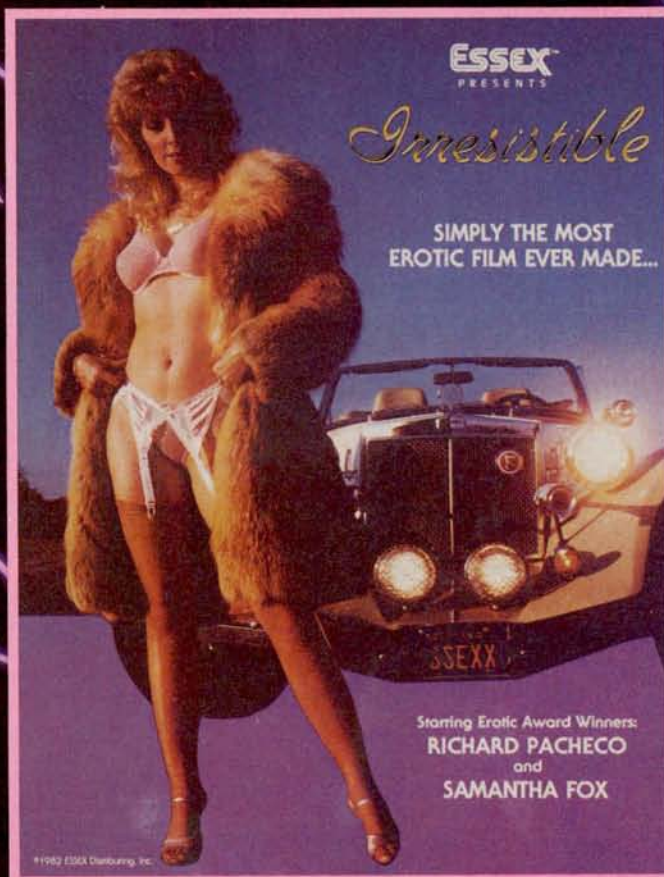
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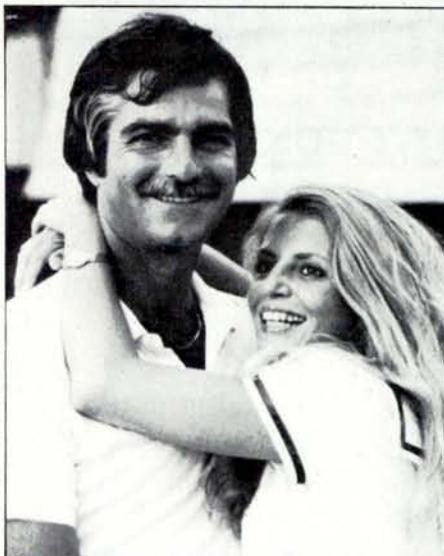
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1983 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 8

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Jobs: The Top Priority

This country is in the middle of a devastating catastrophe that is ruining the lives of millions of people. But the only thing our government has done about it is tell us that the tragedy is not all that important.

What I'm talking about is America's unemployment, which has reached its highest level since the Great Depression. And no matter what the current administration tries to make us believe, I for one consider it a national disaster.

Recently, 3,000 steelworkers showed up as usual at a Chicago plant—only to find "OUT OF BUSINESS" signs plastered on the windows. With no warning, all of them were out of work, with little hope of finding new jobs.

These people did nothing wrong; they are simply victims of an American economy that has been miserably failing. They are only a tiny fraction of the 11 million Americans who are out of jobs through no fault of their own. That figure doesn't even include some 1.6 million people who have given up even *trying* to find jobs.

Those are all shocking figures, but they're only statistics. They don't tell the real story of human suffering that goes with unemployment: Families are torn apart. Men lose their sense of self-worth because they can't find work. Out of sheer desperation a lot of them turn to crime or drugs.

In the face of all this, how can we tolerate our government's callous attitude? Of course, unemployment didn't start with the Reagan Administration.

But it thoroughly disgusts me that these so-called public servants really don't seem to give a damn about the misery of the unemployed.

How can a top Reagan aide in charge of auto-industry affairs go to Detroit and say that the laid-off autoworker "is not as bad off . . . as others would have us believe. It's not as bad as it seems on the surface"? I'd like to see him ask any unemployed autoworker just what's so *good* about being out of a job. And President Reagan himself betrayed a sickening insensitivity to the plight of the jobless when he sarcastically asked if it was really important "that some fellow out in South Succotash has just been laid off."

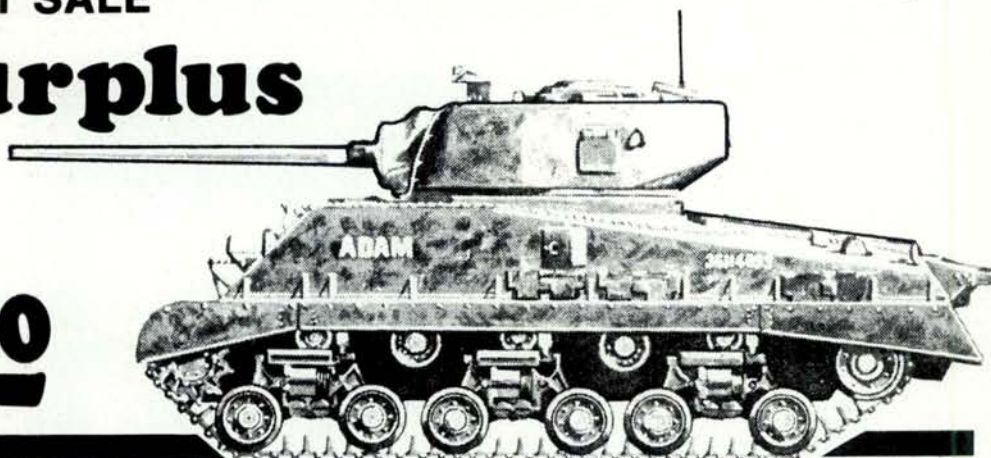
Well, I think it's damn important if even *one* American citizen who wants to work has to stand in an unemployment line because there are no jobs available. If this administration has any compassion for the citizens it is supposed to serve, then it's time to stop downplaying the situation and face the fact that this country has to be put to *work*.

I join with the rest of America in demanding that our government start facing up to the harsh reality of unemployment by making jobs its top priority.

Publisher

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Army Surplus Tank \$182⁰⁰



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Tents93
Armored Cars.....	86.50
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Helmets.....	.31
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Grenades46
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wide assortment of guns, tanks, rifles, etc. available for sale. Or you could buy non-military items such as desks, file cabinets, IBM electric typewriters, beds, kitchen equipment — for your own use (or for resale to others). Thousands of people have taken advantage of these good buys.

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Writing for HUSTLER means not being afraid to tackle a story that people might find outrageous or even unnerving. In February 1981 BEN PESTA's article *You Are Being Poisoned!—Deadly Chemicals Are Everywhere* revealed the horrifying truth of how toxic, manmade substances have crept into everything from the food we eat to the air we breathe. Recognizing his knack for unearthing the real story, no matter how controversial the topic, we figured Pesta was the man to investigate a similarly frightening modern dilemma. In this month's feature, **CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE: ARE WE PREPARED?**, Pesta outlines the history and perils of chemical and biological warfare, from the use of mustard gas in World War I to the lethal concoctions secretly being developed today by Russian scientists.

His superb talent for covering such timely (and often-unsavory) subjects has made Pesta one of HUSTLER's top freelance journalists for many years. He is currently working on a project in a much different vein—a screenplay based on Damon Runyon's famous short story "Cemetery Bait."

The plight of the American Indian has been a tragic one, and no one knows it better than the subject of our February interview, **VERNON BELLECOURT: INDIAN ON THE WAR-PATH**. To really get inside the mind of this angry and outspoken Indian leader, we called on veteran writer **BILL LAWREN**. Lawren developed a long-term interest in Indian affairs from his experiences, when he was 20 years old, with the Apache tribe of the White River reservation in Arizona. In addition, he shared ideas with another American Indian leader, Russell Means, his next-door neighbor in Venice, California. Lawren, who holds a master's degree in history from UCLA, has had his work published in *Penthouse* and *New West*.

A leader of another sort is portrayed in this month's fiction, **A MAN CALLED BRAVO** by J. R. REGIS. In this action-packed



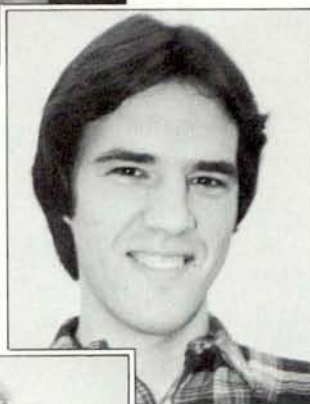
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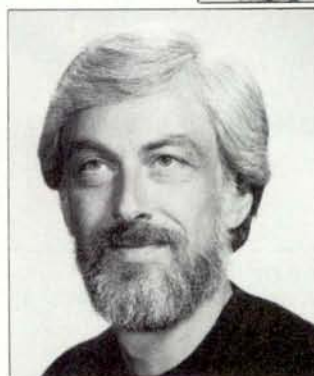
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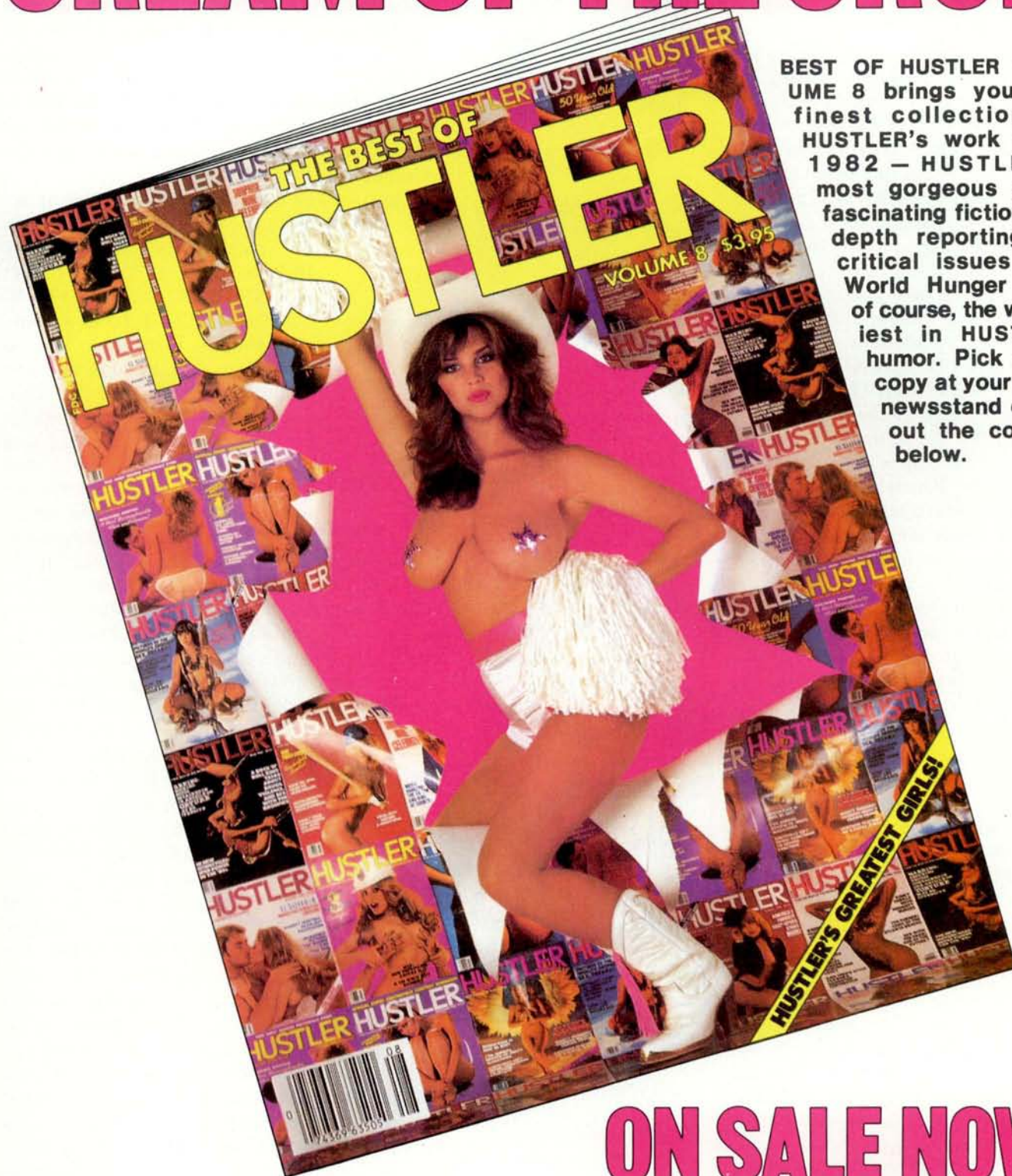
adventure a mercenary risks life and limb on a dangerous mission to the opium-poppy fields of Southeast Asia. The prolific Regis recently penned *A Kiss of Evil*, the first piece of fiction for the newest Larry Flynt Publication, an informative and erotic digest called SEX PLAY (which is now available at newsstands). You'll also find in SEX PLAY Magazine the artwork of HUSTLER and CHIC regular PAT DUNN, who provided the illustration for *Bravo*.

Sex may not be a family affair, but that hasn't stopped some individuals from violating society's oldest taboo. In February's *Sex Play*, **INCEST: A WARNING GUIDE**, **FRANCESCA PORTER** takes a frank and terribly disturbing look at the effect that involuntary and voluntary incest have on children. A freelance writer whose credits include *Cosmopolitan* and other women's magazines, Porter first felt the impact of interfamily sex when her husband, an adult-probation officer, was assigned to a drawn-out, harrowing incest case. It ultimately drove him to retire from his profession. "I got firsthand experience about incest during that time—and I'll never forget it," Porter says. Possessing a master's degree in counseling from Arizona State University, Porter has also worked as a volunteer on a child-abuse hotline. The companion illustration is by another HUSTLER regular, **JOHN ANDREWS**.

If you think hard work went into the *articles* in this month's HUSTLER, wait until you get a glimpse of the artistic creativity of our February pictorials. We're especially proud of photographer **JAMES BAES'** visual design, **BEAUTY IN THE MAKING**. In this imaginative layout, conceived and shot by Baes, all the sculptures were handmade (to his specific instructions), resulting in a museumlike setting that our lovely ladies had no trouble molding into. Baes' fine work has appeared in several European publications, including *Playmen* (Italy), *Lui* (France) and the French edition of *Playboy*. However, since 1976, Baes has worked exclusively for HUSTLER and CHIC, shooting predominantly in Florida, the Bahamas and his native France.

So if you're not afraid to learn about the "real" world, HUSTLER will give you the straight truth—this month and every month. 

CREAM OF THE CROP



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Cover Compliments: My compliments on a very erotic and tasteful cover for your November 1982 issue. My love for a good derriere in a pair of sexy panties caused me to drool uncontrollably over it.

—Robert R. Krebs
Nephi, Utah

Your November 1982 cover was *exactly* the kind I've been begging you to print for years. It was a knockout. You couldn't have picked a girl with a better backside. Please let her turn around for a full spread so we can see the rest of her. I'll be looking for it.

—Robert Rodriguez
Long Beach, California

Look no farther than page 40 of this issue, where our November covergirl appears as Kristen: Getting Ready.

Ooohs and Aaahs: In the *Land of Aaahs* (November 1982) featured the most beautiful "Dorothy" ever and the most arousing array of photos HUSTLER has ever printed.

—Ted Whitman
Santa Clara, California

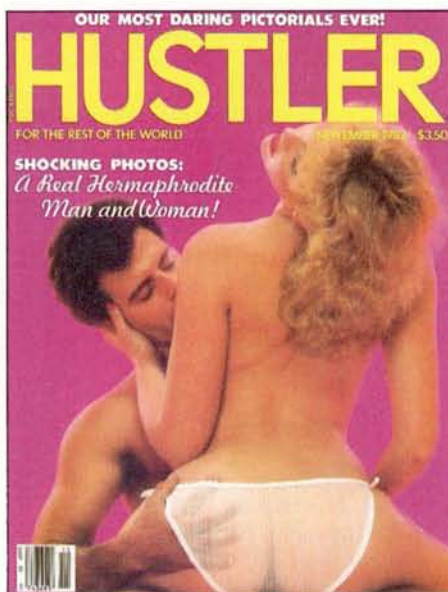
In the *Land of Aaahs* was the most gorgeous HUSTLER photo-fantasy ever. As a woman, I was left with preoccupations of unattainable desires. No other "Dorothy" could hold a candle to the beauty of HUSTLER's girl. That scrumptious, dark-haired lovely lady was certainly deserving of the loving attentions of her traveling companions and their prodigious cocks.

—June Garritt
San Jose, California

I was enthralled with the delicious pictorial *In the Land of Aaahs* in your November 1982 issue. It was simply an example of superlative photography on



In the Land of Aaahs



the part of Clive McLean. With a little imagination I was able to picture *Star Wars*' Princess Leia in a cock-stiffening romp with Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker—a favorite fantasy of mine that would outdo "Dorothy" and company in its erotic appeal.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

In the *Land of Aaahs* (November 1982) is the most arousing, and at the same time most beautifully photographed, pictorial HUSTLER has ever printed. I have noticed a significant improvement in the contents of HUSTLER over the past several months—they have come to include something for everyone.

—Robert Johnson
Cupertino, California

Pregnant Centerfold: Your centerfold-contest winner, *Marlene: Special Delivery* (December 1982), was majestic. What joy there is in becoming a mother! Hooray!

—B. P.
Louisville, Kentucky

I voted for *Marlene* in your Centerfold of the Year Contest; so naturally I was thrilled that she won. I have to admit I was a little surprised that she was so obviously pregnant in the December layout, but the important thing is that she won. Since enough others agree with me to make her the number-one Centerfold of the Year, how about photographing her again in her normal condition?

—Jerry Johnson
Inglewood, California

Absolutely nothing turns me on more than photos of a very pregnant woman. Therefore, I just loved the incredibly

erotic photos of *Marlene* in your December 1982 issue.

Marlene was so beautiful, with her huge, swollen belly; protruding navel; milk-laden, pendulous breasts; pretty, soft pink cunt lips; and gorgeous face!

Please show more photos of beautiful women with huge swollen bellies!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Mad About Madilyn: I'd like to congratulate you on your fantastic pictorial *Madilyn: Slippery When Wet* (November 1982). I know you've had some beautiful women in your magazine before, but she's a touch of pure heaven.

When I saw her, I just wanted to reach out and throw my arms around her. Not only does she have a fabulous, sexy body with gorgeous legs and a great-looking clit to match, she also has the prettiest baby face I've ever seen. Her eyes are so beautiful, they burn right through you.

I'd also like to congratulate Clive McLean, who did such a fantastic job of photographing this incredible woman.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Fit and 50: *Shirley*, your October 1982 centerfold, is just the kind of model



Marlene: Special Delivery

that guys like myself want to see more of.

I honestly expected 50-year-old Shirley to have a plump tummy and a heavy rear and thighs—which would have been okay too—but Shirley's body still looks quite young to me. I hope that HUSTLER continues to feature models over 45, either as centerfolds or in other pictorials. I don't care if the ladies have

sagging boobs and distended labias—I love all of them!

—Name Withheld by Request
Roanoke, Virginia

I've been reading HUSTLER from cover to cover for years, but your wasting pages on a 50-year-old hag (October 1982) was the final straw for me. I've bought my last HUSTLER. There is one thing I want to know. Why in hell did you people do it?

—Sal Turley
Tyler, Texas

If you've been reading the magazine as thoroughly as you say, you should already know that our policy is to give our readers what they want. We have received lots of requests for a mature centerfold. And the response to Shirley has been overwhelmingly favorable.

Man/Woman: The hermaphrodite pictorial in your November 1982 issue was the most disgusting thing I have ever seen printed in HUSTLER. I was an avid reader of your excellent magazine, but no more.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I'd like to know what kind of people you think buy HUSTLER Magazine and what kind of reaction you expected to get from them by printing pictures of a

sexual freak in a publication that had previously featured only classy women, enjoyable articles and great humor. The pictorial of that herma-scumbag (or whatever you want to call it) has me disgusted with the realization that you will put any disgusting, humiliating thing in your magazine. If this is what the "Magazine for the Rest of the World" finds erotic, then I don't want any part of it. I'd rather read the Bible, which—until I saw your November 1982 issue—I thought was the biggest piece of bullshit ever printed.

You guys are sure going downhill.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

What the fuck do you think you're doing? I'm referring to your decision to run pictures of some fucking old man with a lump of sausage for a dick and a manhole for a cunt (November 1982). I consider HUSTLER a very good magazine, but you really screwed up with your pictorial of the hermaphrodite. Let's keep the freaks out of HUSTLER and put the pink back in!

—Jin W. Chang
Los Angeles, California

Your November 1982 issue was one of your best yet. *The Psycho* was one of the best pieces of short fiction I've ever read

in HUSTLER. One pictorial, however, kept that issue from being what I would consider perfect. I'm referring, of course, to your photo-layout of the hermaphrodite. It was, to put it bluntly, fucking disgusting.

Please keep these grotesque oddities out of HUSTLER, and stick to printing pictures of beautiful women.

—S. L.
Saxtons River, Vermont

Girl Fight: I agree with B.V. from Cleveland, Ohio, who wrote a letter in the November 1982 *Feedback* section about recent HUSTLER centerfolds. *Lulu*, the fat slob, should be featured in a circus sideshow. *Trina*, the three-titted centerfold, should use her modeling fees to have corrective surgery done to her chest. And, finally, your sickass, faggot hermaphrodite pictorial made me sick.

—Barry Roberts
Portsmouth, Virginia

This is for all the assholes who wrote in complaining about *Lulu*, your August 1982 centerfold. Did anyone have to twist your arm to buy the magazine? HUSTLER is one of the *best* magazines on any newsstand.

—S. D. Gristort
New York, New York

Your magazine is the greatest! Your recent centerfolds have been terrific. How about a pictorial of a beautiful transvestite? This would drive your fans wild.

—T. Ramos
New York, New York

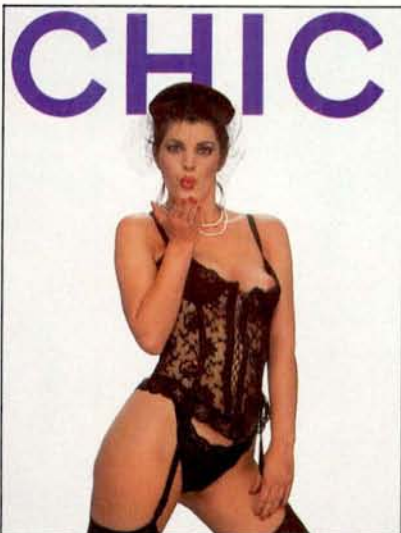
Genital Mutilation: *Shocked* and *outraged* are but two *mild* adjectives to describe the feelings that raged inside me after reading your November 1982 *Sex Play* on genital mutilation. As a feminist, I do not feel that I can sit by idly while knowing that the inhumane practices described in Virginia Whitcraft's article are being performed daily on thousands of women in underdeveloped countries. What is particularly distressing about this fact is that, according to the article, our government is contributing money to aid this atrocity.

Thank you for devoting time and space to this very important matter.

—Terri W. Clark
Lynch, Kentucky

I just read your November 1982 *Sex Play* on genital mutilation, and I have never been so disgusted or angry in my life. I cannot believe that a human being would do such a thing to another person, let alone a child.

It terrifies me to think of the emotional scars that would be created by such a horrible practice. How could a woman
(continued on page 14)



★ Ever fantasized about what those sexy stewardesses do when they're not flying? CHIC brings you two of these breath-taking sweethearts as they indulge in a frenzy of LAYOVER LUST. In another stunning pictorial, you'll share the erotic pleasure of GABRIELLE as she savors every minute of being photographed in HOT UNDER THE LIGHTS. And our incredible centerfold, SHERI, proves she's YOUNG AND RESTLESS.

★ Our jobs, our national pride and even our way of life are in jeopardy due to the extraordinary success of the Japanese in outdoing U.S. industry. Fortunately, as Doug Garr's informative article points out, we *can* beat the Japanese—by learning from them.

★ "Freeway Killer" William Bonin was convicted of raping and strangling more than a dozen young men. But he didn't act alone, and Lonn M. Friend's CLOSE-UP of the other freeway killer is a disturbing look into the mind of a murderer.

★ In SEX LIFE, world-renowned author and critic Theodore Sturgeon examines the most hotly debated sexual issue of recent decades: the G spot. Is this newfound source of female pleasure the beginning of a new sexual revolution?

★ Plus, in R. A. Jones' fiction, "GOOD NIGHT, MY JOHNNY BOY," an intrepid cop faces the most dangerous challenge of his career. Michael Ross' fascinating DOPE column asks if getting high can bring you closer to God. TRIVIA TRIP and MUSIC NOTES reveal well-kept secrets, and ODDS & ENDS is a sure cure for the blues.

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A performing-arts student was cited for indecent exposure when he climbed atop a student-union building and shaved off his pubic hair in front of 1,000 spectators. Ron Stephenson did the feat for a San Francisco State University class assignment requiring students to do something in public that they are unskilled at and would feel clumsy or ugly doing. Stephenson was the first student to perform his assignment. Campus detective Richard Van Slyke remarked, "I sure hope it's not a very big class."

Harvard University law professor Roger Fisher has proposed a way to demonstrate the realities of nuclear war should the President ever have to press the button. He suggests implanting a capsule next to the heart of a volunteer, which would contain the codes needed to fire nuclear weapons. The volunteer would accompany the Chief Executive everywhere and carry a big butcher knife. Before the button could be pushed, the President would have to personally witness a gruesome example of death and bloodshed--carving the capsule out of the volunteer's body.

A man paid two friends \$5,000 each to chop off his left foot with an ax, and then he reported the foot lost in a phony motorcycle accident to collect \$210,000 from insurance companies. Robert Paul Yarrington, 47, collected insurance payments for nearly three years until recently, when one of his accomplices confessed to San Jose, California, police. Connie Martinez was offered immunity in return for her testimony, while Yarrington and the other alleged participant, Wayne Krafft, were jailed on felony charges of conspiracy, insurance fraud and grand theft.

The world's first X-rated video-game cartridges, designed to be used in the privacy of one's home, are going on sale. In "Custer's Revenge," for example, General Custer runs across a desert obstacle course stark naked to "reach and ravage an Indian maiden." One of the obstacles is a cactus that comes dangerously close to the general's exposed penis. The manufacturer says that while the game is sexually oriented, the relatively poor reproduction of body parts on TV will soften the sexual impact. Nonetheless, California Governor Jerry Brown signed legislation to ban the sale of erotic-game cartridges to minors.

Students at a Manchester, Iowa, high school who ask to go to the bathroom during class are being required to wear toilet seats or carry toilet paper. The policy at West Delaware High School is designed to cut down on the number of such requests from students. "It's embarrassing to walk down the hall with a toilet seat around your neck," said sophomore Kim Lewerenz. "I just don't go to the restroom during class time anymore."

The author of a book that advises men to be more sensitive toward women has been charged with third-degree assault against his girlfriend. New York lawyer Michael Morgenstern, the author of "How to Make Love to a Woman," allegedly punched 22-year-old Ethel Parks the day after she moved out of their apartment, breaking a tooth and a bone in the woman's jaw. Two days earlier Morgenstern had returned home unexpectedly and found Parks with another man.

Art Spencer of San Diego, California, operates what is regarded as the first mobile hot tub, which he drives around in an enclosed van. The tub holds up to 15 bathers, who can take a six-hour tub ride to any destination of their choice. The tub van has carpeting, exotic lighting, a wet bar and piped-in music. Spencer says it's none of his business what goes on inside, but if things get unruly, the driver simply pulls a lever that drains the tub . . . and the ride is over.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 12)

even consider ever having sex if her cunt has been cut to pieces? I can't believe the ignorance of people who think that the size or shape of a woman's vagina has something to do with her self-worth. Men and women are equal as human beings, and their sex organs have nothing to do with what kind of people they are.

I hope this horrible ritual ends soon. I may be raging mad, but I'm also glad you print articles like this so the public will know about these atrocities. Hopefully, someone will do something to stop this practice. I sure wish I could.

—Vicki Vargas
Trinidad, Colorado

You can do something about it. Write your Congressional representatives and demand that they do something to end U.S. involvement in this practice.

John Holmes: I realize now, after reading your profile *The Rise and Fall of John Holmes* in the November 1982 issue, that Mr. Holmes has performed what I previously thought was a totally impossible sex act—he screwed himself!

—L. J. Richards
Reno, Nevada

Cartoon Kicks: I agree with David Owen from Livermore, Kentucky, who wrote in to your October 1982 *Feedback* section. He wanted to know what the cartoonist in your August 1982 issue thought was so damn funny about epilepsy. I am an epileptic myself and have had some bad seizures over the past six years. So, for all you assholes who want to laugh about epilepsy, go ahead and get your kicks out of it. I don't go around laughing at other people with handicaps. We aren't all perfect.

—Scott Hemenway
Columbia, South Carolina

I find your cartoons about the contents of the Bible in extremely bad taste. Please don't get me wrong—I believe that your magazine is a reflection of the times, and it's done a lot of good by eradicating the negative notions some people have about life.

But you must realize that it is not the Scriptures that teach these fears and taboos, but rather the so-called religious leaders.

I am referring in particular to a cartoon by Dwaine Tinsley that appeared on page 61 of your July 1982 issue. It shows Joseph and Mary on the way to the gynecologist's office because she's pregnant and he hasn't "been gettin' no-o pussy." You have no right to dese-

crate the teachings found within the Scriptures this way. —L. R. Robinson
Attica, New York

HUSTLER's Staff: As a Christian, I was very disgusted with your magazine. Never before did I think that God's earth could produce trash as low as that. I pray daily for people on the staff of HUSTLER. I hope they will have a change of heart.

—C. D. Schmid
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I'd like to say thanks to the Flynts and all the hustlers at HUSTLER who work so hard to put together what I consider to be the world's most important magazine. HUSTLER covers every topic and does so intelligently. No matter what any dog-faced motherfucker has to say about your publication, you will always be the world's leader in informative journalism and erotic pictorials. Fuck the folks who hate the truth. I'm with you, HUSTLER.

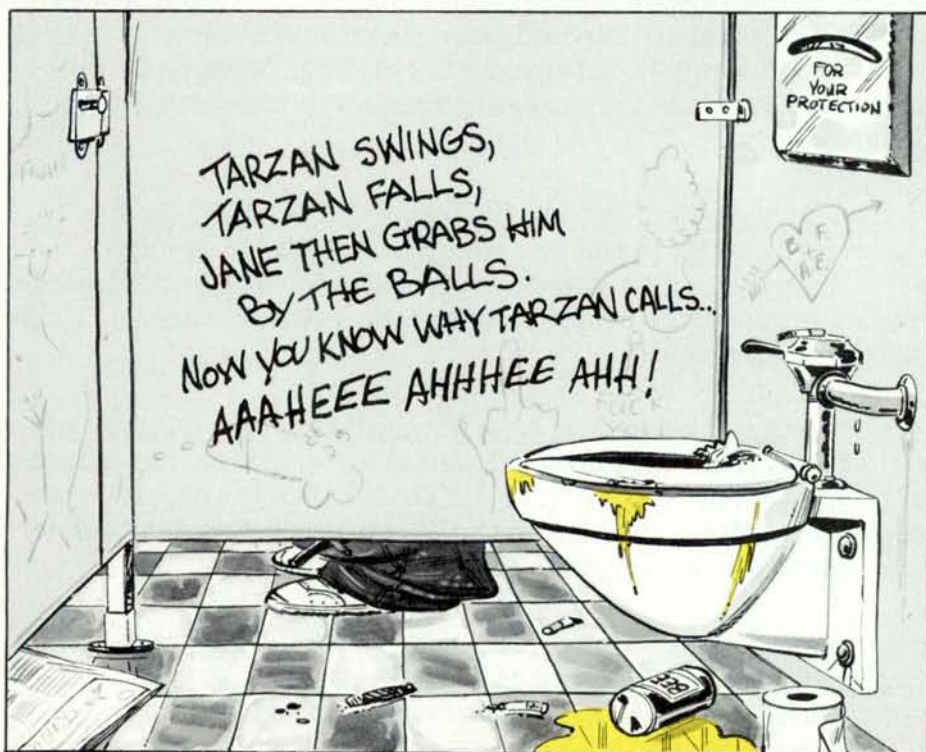
—Lee Aquil
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Missing: I have a question regarding the disappearance of your writer John Sullivan in El Salvador. I saw a not-very-well-publicized movie called *Missing* with a plot that paralleled the story of John Sullivan. Did Mr. Sullivan spark the production of this film?

Missing made the State Department look bad, but after reading your account of El Salvador (August 1982), I realize this was well deserved.

—D. H.
Lubbock, Texas

GRAFFILTHY



THANKS AND \$25 to B.B., SUNLAND, CA.

*The film *Missing* was inspired by the disappearance in 1973 of another American freelance journalist, Charles Horman, in Chile. John Sullivan left for El Salvador in 1980. But we do agree that the similarities between these two stories are striking.*

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Larry Flynt, Publisher

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Aspirin & Pregnancy: I am five months' pregnant. My doctor told me I shouldn't take aspirin or any other over-the-counter medication without first checking with him. I can understand being told not to take any strong medications—but aspirin? I think he is being too cautious. What do you think?

—P. K.
Palm Beach, Florida

You should be grateful your doctor is being so cautious. For the past decade most physicians have been advising their patients not to take aspirin during pregnancy. Ingesting it while pregnant can lead to uncontrolled bleeding in both the newborn and the mother. Aspirin also can create circulation problems for the child and, in extreme cases, even brain hemorrhaging.

Since many other prescriptive and over-the-counter medicines contain aspirin, it is wise to avoid them as well. For instance, aspirin can be found in Alka-Seltzer tablets; Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold Medicine; Anacin Maximum Strength; Bufferin, Congespirin and Coricidin D decongestants; Darvon; Empirin; Excedrin; 4-Way Cold Tablets; Midol; and many other common medications.

Most doctors' offices can inform you if any of these medications poses a potential threat to your health and the health of your unborn child. In fact, it would be wise to ask your doctor about the potential effects of coffee and alcohol also. Dr. Marie J. Stuart—the leader of a medical team studying the aspirin hazard at a Syracuse, New York, medical center—had this to say: "Things that have been considered fairly innocuous in the past have been reported to be associated with many fetal abnormalities. My advice is to stay away from any kind of drugs, including over-the-counter ones."

Quitting Cigarettes: I'm feeling very discouraged. I have tried to quit smoking three times but always go back to cigarettes. I feel like such a failure. What can I do?

—T. L.
Springfield, Massachusetts

Don't be discouraged. Psychologist G. Alan Marlatt of the University of Washington says that people who suffer relapses are not

failures. Actually, he believes that quitters who have slipped are reinforced in their new efforts by the knowledge of how difficult quitting is. This can help them get through future tough times.

Also, keep in mind that you are not alone. According to a study conducted by Dr. Marlatt, only 30% of smokers who had quit were still not smoking two years later. Marlatt found that 40% of would-be quitters can't make it through the first day.

Start all over again and remember: Some ultimate quitters are people who had previously failed at quitting several times!

Urine Odor: For the past few months I've noticed that the smell of my urine is much stronger than usual. Do you think I need to see a doctor?

—D. F.
Antioch, Ohio

In most cases unusual urine characteristics such as odor or color are due to insignificant causes. For example, a slight change in eating habits—or taking vitamins—can change the smell and appearance of your urine. Also, starting or stopping an exercise program can cause your urine to change. If, however, your urine smells the same as usual—only stronger—perhaps you're not drinking enough water. Urologists generally suggest that you drink eight glasses of water a day.

But it is always best to be sure. Urinalysis is a simple and inexpensive procedure. Contact a doctor or health clinic about having your urine tested.

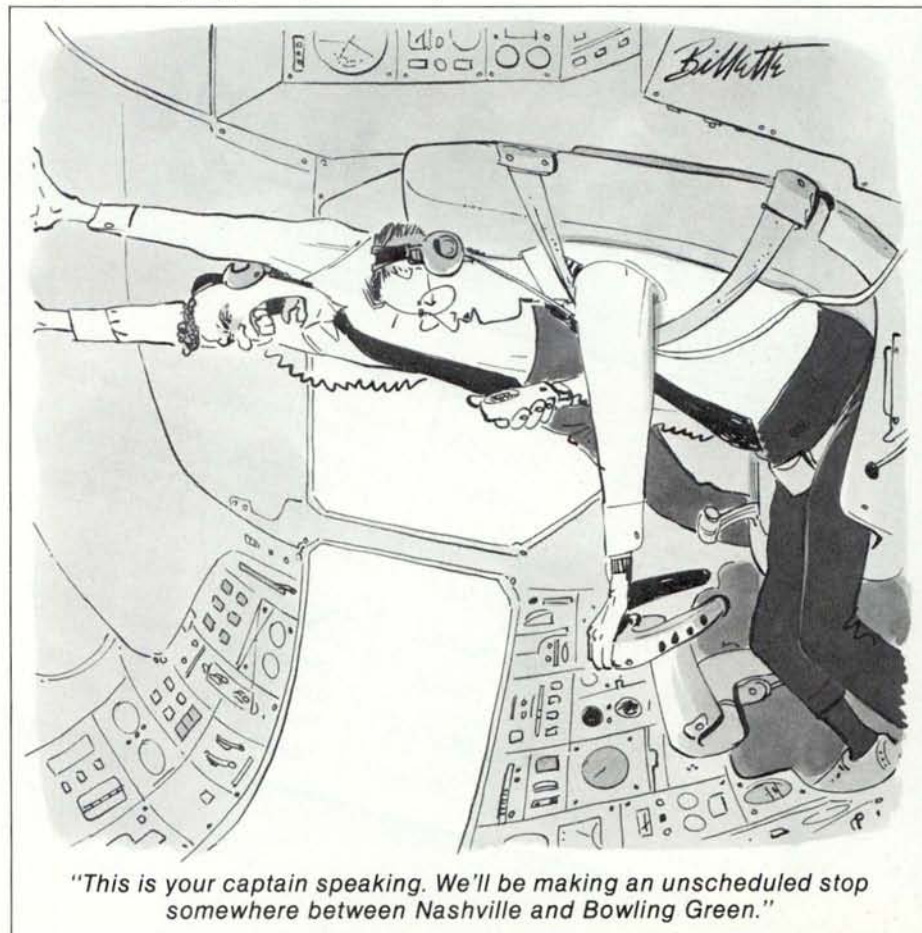
Mystery Fluid: Occasionally during a bowel movement some fluid leaks from my penis. I don't think it's urine, but I'm not sure. Is this normal?

—S. L.
Waco, Texas

It sounds like you sometimes experience prostatorrhea. This is the emission of fluid from the prostate gland through the urethra and out of the penis during defecation. This prostatic fluid contains citric acid, enzymes and various other chemicals. Prostatic fluid comprises 25% of a man's ejaculate.

It is not a serious ailment, especially if it only happens occasionally. According to Dr. Lester Karafin, professor and chief of the department of urology at the Medical College of Pennsylvania, your condition is caused by an unusually hard stool pressing against the prostate gland, inducing some fluid to escape.

Artificial Insemination: Although I'm a divorcee with no plans to remarry, I desperately want to have a child. I earn a good living, and being a single mother would not place me in a financial bind. But because I am not married,



"This is captain speaking. We'll be making an unscheduled stop somewhere between Nashville and Bowling Green."

I cannot find a doctor who will agree to artificially inseminate me. Can you help?

—M. M.
Lansing, Michigan

There is hope. In your state, Michigan, legal action was brought by the American Civil Liberties Union against Wayne State University because its artificial-insemination program refused to include unmarried women. As a result of this action, Wayne State has included five unmarried women in various insemination programs in the past few years. The ACLU's action also influenced other publicly funded clinics and programs to relax their policies on artificial insemination of unmarried women. The trend is clearly going in a favorable direction for you.

Starch Blockers: A friend of mine recently told me about starch blockers. They are supposed to be diet-aid products that can help people lose weight. Do you know exactly what they are and if I can find them anywhere? —A. T.
Los Angeles, California

Starch blockers are weight-reduction products that were put on the market about 18 months ago. The so-called diet aid is made from a protein derived from a type of raw kidney bean. The manufacturers claimed the blockers prevented the digestion of starch, supposedly allowing a person to eat foods high in car-

bohydrates (starches) and not gain weight.

Recently, a federal judge ordered starch blockers off the market after the Food and Drug Administration received complaints of nausea, diarrhea and stomach pains from users of the products. The judge ruled that starch blockers must be tested and regulated by the FDA.

The manufacturers of the products are appealing the decision. Meanwhile, they have been prohibited from producing, shipping or selling starch blockers.

"Miracle aids" are not a good way to permanently lose weight. You need to eat well-balanced, nutritious meals, count calories and exercise. That way you'll be assured of keeping off the weight you lose without endangering your health in the process.

More on Herpes: My local health-food store sells something called BHT, and the people there say it's better than any other medicine for dealing with herpes. What's the story?

—P. W.
Richmond, Virginia

According to Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, authors of the best-selling book Life Extension, BHT (butylated hydroxytoluene) can control herpes outbreaks and prevent future ones. BHT is a preservative found in foods, plastics, rubber, fuels and drugs. In recent experiments it has been shown to kill certain viruses, including herpes. The authors em-

phasize that the BHT will kill active viruses only, not those in the dormant stage. (Once you get the virus, you have it for life.) It can also help to prevent its transmission.

Pearson and Shaw recommend one-quarter to one gram of BHT taken before bedtime (never with alcohol or barbiturates, as it intensifies their effect). This has been shown to eliminate herpes symptoms within a week in cases they've dealt with. They also recommend following up with a maintenance dose of one-quarter to one gram taken just before bedtime to prevent further outbreaks. BHT can be found in many health-food stores. But it's always wise to check with your doctor before taking any new medication.

In addition to the news about BHT, there is other hopeful information concerning the battle against herpes. Researchers at the Ford Foundation, while trying to develop a spermicide, found that gossypol, a cottonseed extract, apparently prevents the growth of the virus. This could protect people from contracting herpes in the first place.

Researchers at the Shute Institute in London, Ontario, Canada, say megadoses of vitamins E and C during a herpes outbreak can help control the disease. They recommend taking three grams of vitamin C and 800 international units of vitamin E daily until the symptoms subside. Then, as a maintenance dose to help prevent future attacks, the researchers advise taking two grams of C and 800 international units of E daily.

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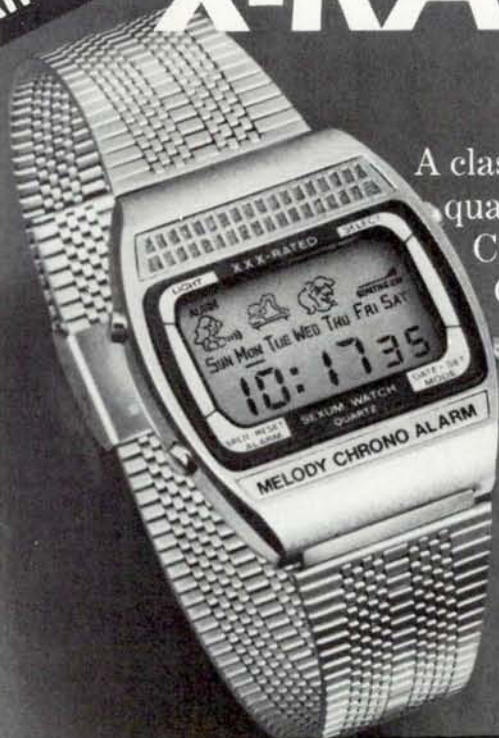


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Bits & Pieces

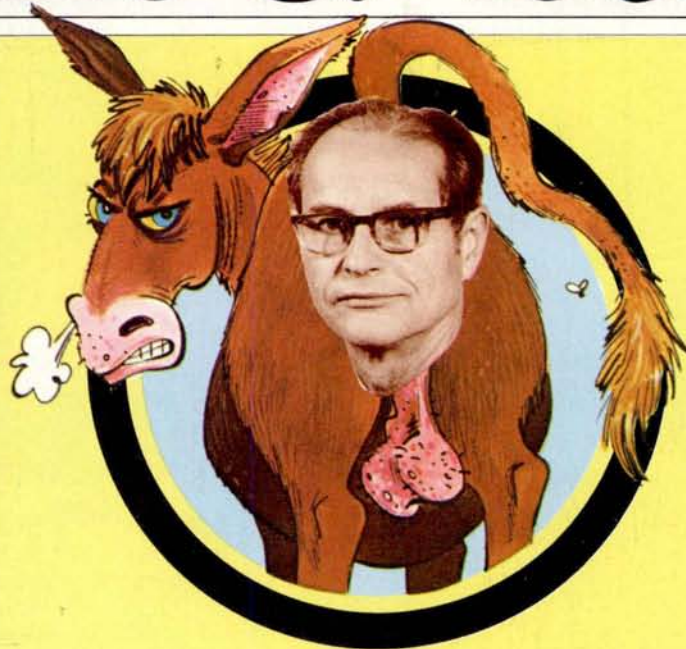
One of the worst things about the people we expose on this page is that they never seem to go away. Unfortunately for the First Amendment and the American public, that's precisely the case with Reo Christenson, HUSTLER's February Asshole of the Month.

He's the political-science professor from Miami (Ohio) University who joined the gang of Ohio sex haters who in 1977 tried to railroad Larry Flynt into jail for publishing HUSTLER. So anxious was he to get his licks in against the dreaded HUSTLER that he set himself up as an expert witness on Cincinnati's "community standards"—even though it was revealed that he had rarely even visited that city. Naturally, this revelation embarrassed the prosecution.

To put it bluntly, Christenson is a campaigner for censorship. But he's not content merely to press his anti-American views at obscenity trials and in newspaper columns. He wants to make sure that future generations will take up his fight against free speech; so he includes pro-censorship propaganda in his college textbook titled *Challenge and Decision: Political Issues of Our Time*.

In the 1982 version of this book the final chapter is an unabashed attack on the First Amendment. In it, Christenson tries to convince his students that establishing "minimum standards of decency" is more important than the right of Americans to make their own decisions about what they want to read and look at. And since "pornography" is indecent, Christenson claims, the government must censor it and throw the people responsible for it into jail.

Like most people, Christenson can't define this evil called "pornography," but he sure as hell knows it when he sees it. The example he uses most often is HUSTLER. How can a supposedly educated professor defend censoring one of the top-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Reo Christenson

circulation magazines in a free country? Here's what he says:

"Those appalled by the prospect of censorship usually do not realize what they are protecting. . . . It is imperative that the public know what is really in HUSTLER. . . . It is not a 'girlie' magazine or another *Playboy*. Rather, it is full of pictures and descriptions of such gross sexual perversions, such bizarre forms of bestiality and such nauseating accounts of excretory activities that few if any newspapers feel free to explicitly inform their readers of what is in the magazine."

Do we have this straight, Reo? *Playboy* escapes your censor's ax, but HUSTLER must be banned because it's "gross" and

"bizarre"? Hefner can walk free, but Flynt needs to be locked up because HUSTLER upsets *your* stomach? Thank God most students are bright enough to see that such absurdities are exactly what you get when you start tinkering with the First Amendment.

Christenson moans about how he was forced to examine 11 issues of HUSTLER when he was testifying in Cincinnati. If that's true, he's either half-blind or a liar. How else can you explain the little message to his students that HUSTLER considers bestiality "the supreme sexual experience"? That statement is so ridiculous, it deserves no rebuttal. But where does Christenson get off

saying that HUSTLER "implies there are no adverse consequences" to "irresponsible sex," such as "teenage pregnancies, premature marriages, abortions, venereal disease or psychic traumas"?

As any reader of HUSTLER knows, that statement is total bullshit. No magazine in America has done more to educate the public about *all* aspects of sexuality. In reality, it's prigs like Christenson who compound those problems by their efforts to repress publications like HUSTLER.

There seem to be no limits to this man's arrogance. He writes that "people who pore over pornographic magazines are sick." That's right! Since Christenson considers HUSTLER pornographic, you're *sick* for reading this. After he succeeds in getting the HUSTLER staff thrown into jail, he'll probably try to put all our readers into mental institutions.

But it's neither his arrogance nor his hypocrisy nor his stupidity that makes this pseudo-intellectual so dangerous. Christenson's real sin is trying to brainwash young students as part of his full-bore attack on our basic liberties. And his stated goal is government censorship, meaning the end of 200 years of freedom of expression in America.

Christenson even goes so far as to attack the whole idea of "artistic freedom," claiming the price is "too high." He writes, "For every film or play that employs explicit sexual scenes in a sensitive and artistic manner, a score of films or plays will deal with it in a crude, vulgar and degrading fashion. . . . Is this a good bargain?"

Reo, it's the best bargain in the world. It's exactly what makes America great, because what's "crude" to one person may be "artistic" to another. It's called freedom of choice, and anyone who doesn't understand it has no business teaching political science in this country.

Punk Rocker



We hear an awful lot of bad reports in the news media about this new trend among teenagers, but is it enough to drive America's parents crazy?

Taking dangerous drugs, mugging people, dropping out of school... those are serious concerns. But this fad doesn't look all that harmful. Sure, a kid who decides to become a weird-looking chair isn't exactly channeling his energies productively—but it isn't *that* bad. In his own way he's being a good son. Just think what a comfort he'll be to his folks in their old age. They like to rock too, you know.



A New "Tree'tment

Doctors at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, believe that an extract from the bark of the rare African yohimbe tree can cure male impotence. The extract, known as yohimbine, helps enlarge blood vessels and improves the blood flow necessary to engorge and stiffen the penis. It also heightens the release of a hormone that plays an important role

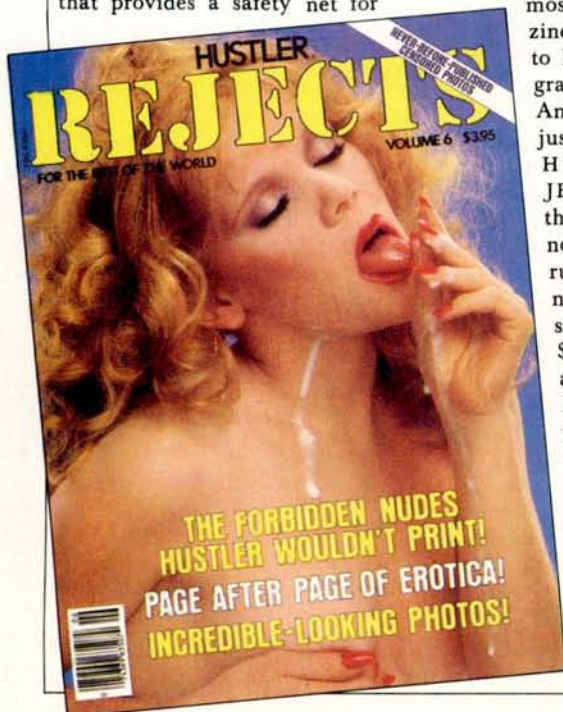
in penile muscle function.

HUSTLER supports any medical work that will help cure one of man's most frustrating problems. But with all the complications that have cropped up in today's "miracle" drugs, we hope they check for side effects carefully. As in the possible difficulty we've illustrated here, the yohimbe's bark could be worse than its bite.

Don't Waste Leftovers!

They may have missed out on appearing in HUSTLER, but you still have time to catch the 15 unluckiest women you'll ever drool over in HUSTLER REJECTS #6! The magazine that provides a safety net for

the pictorials that have fallen from the towering standards at HUSTLER is still available at your local newsstand. Even though the photographer or model wasn't quite up to par, most men's magazines would be glad to have these shots grace their pages. And for those who just like to look, HUSTLER REJECTS presents these photos with no editorial interruptions! If your newsstand's out, send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). It wouldn't be fair to disappoint these scintillating women again, would it?



Was George a Square?



Who says you can't get a square deal these days? According to its manufacturer, this "squared quarter" novelty coin is being minted as a satirical comment on the nation's economy. But the satire is much more evident in the *price* of the quarter than in the idea it represents.

This coin, made from one-quarter ounce of pure silver, sells for \$37 (postage and insurance included). Remember when a silver quarter was only worth 25¢? And there's one more irony in these times of unbelievably high unemployment—it was designed by a computer. The coin is available from Square Deal Productions Inc. (P.O. Box 462, New York, NY 10013). If nothing else, at least you know you won't lose it to a video game.



What's in a Name?

Remember Cherry Humps? That's what happened when a virgin let you get on top, but she kept her pants on. As for this candy bar, you'd think someone would tell the compa-

ny what the phrase implies. Or maybe it wanted a little sex appeal to boost sales. There's a negative side to the name though. We remember those humps being awfully dry.



Hutton's Buttons

We've commented before on celebrity attitudes toward appearing nude in foreign publications. We've shown you revealing shots of Jodie Foster from Brazil, Raquel Welch from France, and many others. Maybe the stars feel audiences overseas are less likely to be shocked, due to their higher tolerance of nudity on the screen and in print.

That brings us to the September issue of the French magazine *Photo*. In it the beautiful photos by Annie Leibovitz are displayed, among them this view of model/actress Lauren Hutton. Although covered in mud, Hutton's pert assets poke out to assert her sensuality. Aside from a quick scene in *American Gigolo* (which appeared in *HUSTLER's NUDE CELEBRITIES SPECIAL #1*), the U.S. has had few opportunities to see this side of her so clearly. Don't American readers deserve a good look too?



"My mother-in-law was my biggest headache.

Extra-Strength Tylenol took care of her fast."

There's more than one way to cure a headache.

A Pain in the Ads

Oh, brother, do the folks at Tylenol have a big headache! How can they ever convince the public that Extra-Strength Tylenol is safe again? Can the work of a madman be undone by an adman? Leave it to Madison Avenue to try to accentuate the

positive and downplay the negative. We wouldn't be surprised if they tried an approach like the Tylenol ad we created here. Of course, the manufacturer would never approve such a campaign... even though laughter is the best medicine.

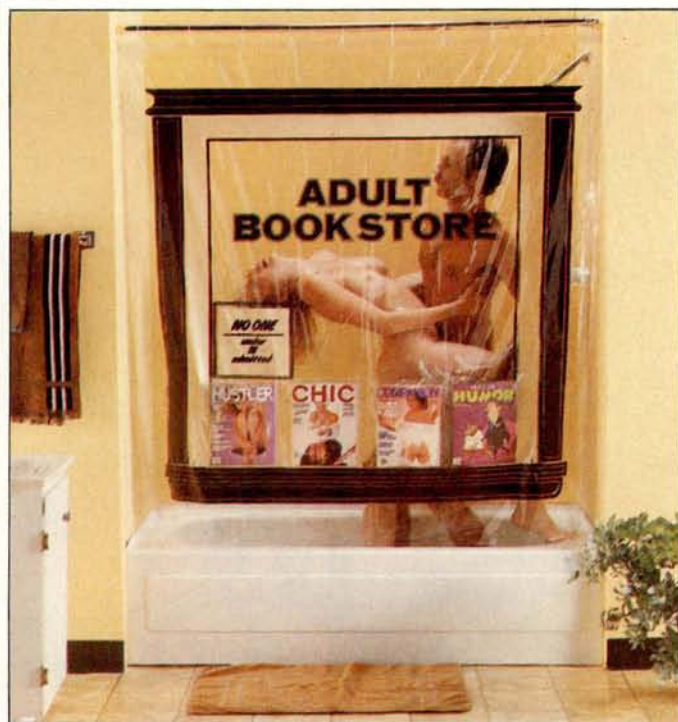


Fast Food

What's different about fast food is supposedly in the preparation of it. What does that mean—two laps around the parking lot? Look at this stuff go! What's the rush? Even if a cus-

tomers is really in a big hurry, he's going to waste a lot of time just trying to catch up with his meal!

HUSTLER is calling on fast-food outlets to slow down. All this food in motion is only going to leave diners with that inevitable result—the runs.



Good Clean Fun

Doesn't it look great? And the shower curtain's not bad either. Actually, the curtain is what caught our eye as a great way to add a voyeuristic touch to your showers. That's right! *You're* the show! It sells for about \$25 and should be available at your nearest hardware store or bath-

ware shop. If not, you can contact the makers of this peep-show curtain, Saturday Knight Ltd. (1455 Dalton Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45214). It even has pouches for your favorite bathroom reading material. But be careful not to get 'em wet . . . or sticky, for that matter.

10 MOST WANTED WOMEN

If you've ever wanted to see a celebrity snatch, here's your chance to do something about it. All you've got to do is send in your selection for Celebrity Muff of the Year. Then HUSTLER will offer 1 million bucks to the first of the top ten vote-getters who'll agree to pose HUSTLER-style (showing pink) for a photo-layout to be published in a future issue of HUSTLER. The results will be announced in our September 1983 issue; so get your votes in now! The deadline for all nominations is March 25, 1983. With celebrities looking for more and more exposure, this could be the year we get a taker!

I nominate _____
as Celebrity Muff of the Year

Mail to: Celebrity Muffs, Bits & Pieces, c/o HUSTLER Magazine,
2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Who Was the Model?

Crude? Not really. Now, if it were a water fountain, *that* might be crude! This wonderful, candid photo of a couple examining a phallic sculpture at a park in Switzerland ran in the French magazine *Photo-Reporter*, which rarely misses an unusual shot.

We can't imagine what this monument represents, but when the artist who created the work announced he was going to *erect* a statue, he wasn't kidding around. And we thought the Swiss were only into holes!

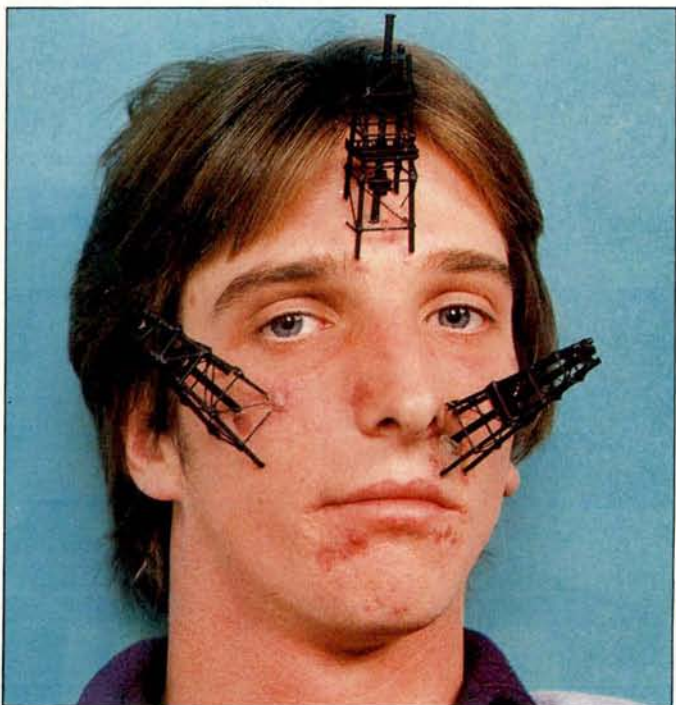


It's Rigged!

For decades, oil companies have been pumping up crude from deep below places like Arabian deserts and Texas flatlands. Why can't the same process be used on human skin? And the methods for drilling could be exactly the same. Miniature derricks could tap into

gushers and pump annoying pimples dry! Oil rigs could dot the problem areas of your face like they dot the problem areas of the world. Why should a person's self-value drop just because of an oil glut?

Getting approval for consumer use should be a cinch. Secretary of the Interior James Watt will put in a good word—he'll drill for oil anywhere!





Give Her a Lift

Having trouble with the positions your wife picked out of *The Joys of Physically Impossible Sex*? Or are you just having a tough time getting her off her ass? Either way, here's the angle you've been looking for. With a

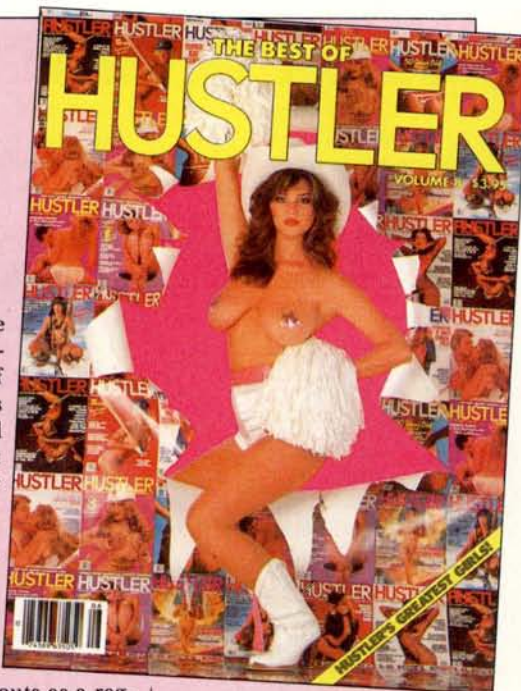
little padding so you don't scratch the finish, a car jack can get the chassis up where you want it and still leave your hands free to adjust your lady's headlights. Don't be ashamed... lots of guys crank it up in the bedroom.

The Best Is Here!

Put down the video-game control, get out of the long lines for *E.T.* and forget about TV football (or the lack of it)—the newest edition of **BEST OF HUSTLER** is here! Volume 8 is filled with

twice as many erotic photo-layouts as a regular monthly issue, and it's chock-full of the absolute cream of last year's crop of articles, columns and outrageous humor.

Whether you were in a coma, out of the country, or in your bomb shelter waiting for the big one that never came, you won't want to miss a second chance to read the best of the best adult-entertainment magazine around.



It's a perfect collector's item or gift for the guy whose monthly copies have become ragged from the wear and tear of... ahem... heavy reading.

Keep a close watch on your local newsstand for its arrival, or send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Post Haste

The current rash of "express mail"-type commercials on TV and similar ads in print have convinced us that American businesses need a mail-delivery service that's faster than the U.S. Postal Service. But what about the average American guy, who's loaded down with charge-card bills, alimony payments, taxes and other assorted checkbook burdens? He needs the opposite. This poor man is desperate for a delivery that's slower than the U.S. mails—if that's possible. As far as he's concerned, once the postmark is on... the later it's delivered, the better.

So here's an ad for our suggested delivery service, which keeps the check that's "in the mail" from arriving before it's covered. Maybe it'll inspire someone to start a company with this sort of compassion—eventually.

When you absolutely, positively don't want it to get there overnight.



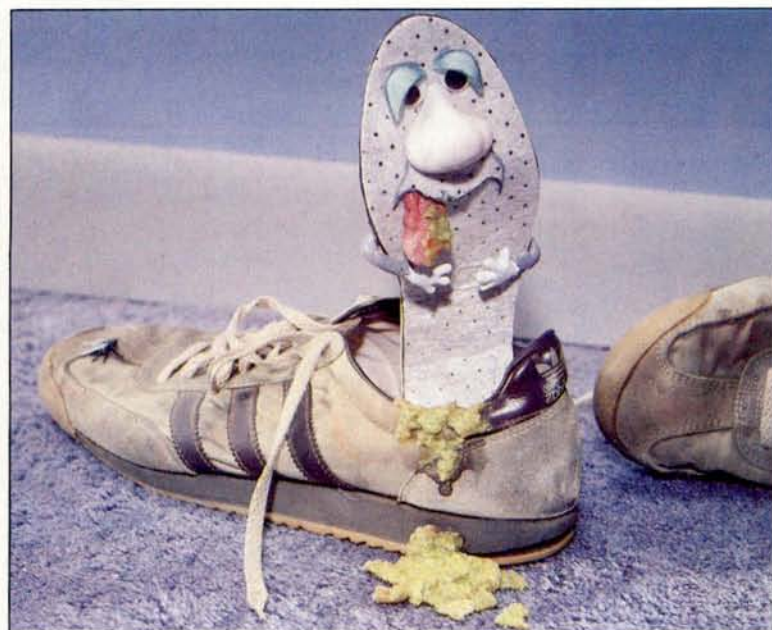
We'll get it there... Eventually

EVENTUAL EXPRESS

Odor Over-Eater

You wouldn't do it to your pets or children; so don't overfeed your odor-eating shoe pads! We don't mean to make a big stink about it,

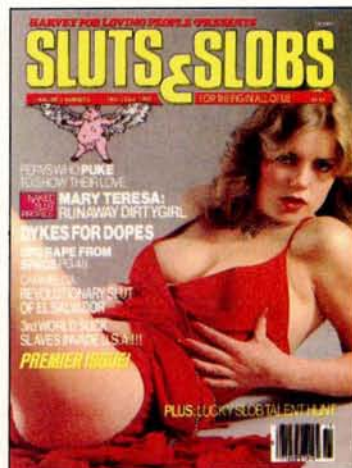
but gorging the little guys is a rotten thing to do. Life is tough enough with people stepping all over you. We hope you get the message, 'cause we don't want this mess to come up again.



Aiming Low

Somewhere between a men's magazine and a Greyhound bus station bathroom, *Sluts & Slobs* dedicates itself to "all those wonderfully humorous bodily functions we know and love." Fortunately, one of those functions is sex. If you're looking for a magazine with gross, sexual humor—and much of it is hilarious—*Sluts & Slobs* has enough to hold you over for months.

But if you're looking for a turn-on, you'll have to look hard. There are a few standard girl pictorials, but you'll have to keep the pages from flipping to avoid seeing girls puking



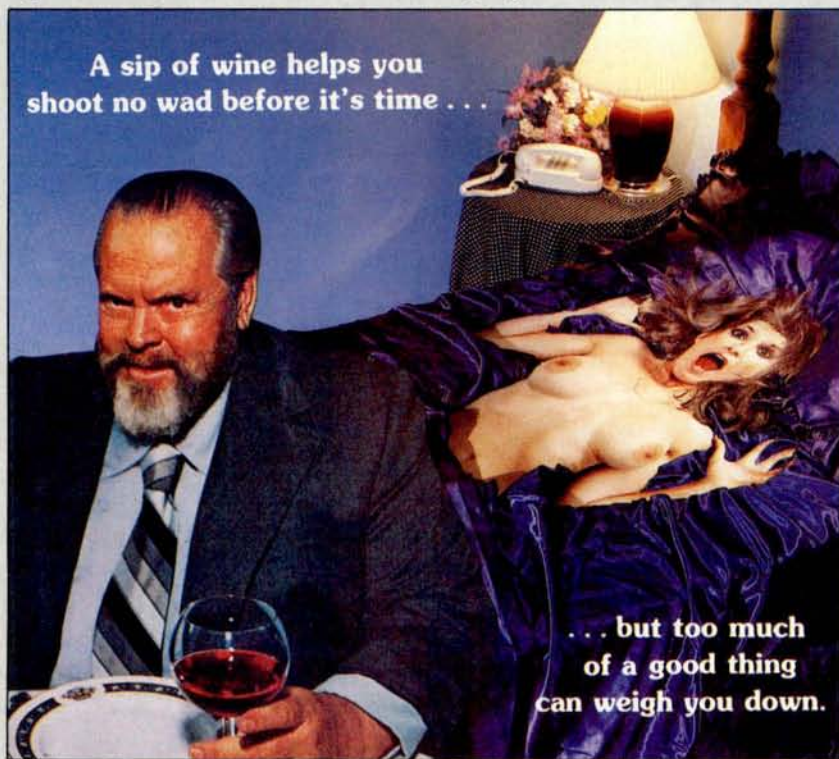
and dicks covered with who-knows-what. Still, a review of the most disgusting porn loops, an article on "UFO rapes" and other assorted tongue-in-cheek sections make this \$3.50 newsstand novelty from the publisher of *Harvey* magazine worth a look. As for the sluts and slobs, we're still trying to tell which is which.

A Weighty Subject

Speaking of things not happening before their time... wouldn't Orson Welles make a great spokesman for premature ejaculators? We're sure Orson doesn't have this problem (and he probably wouldn't even be interested in posing for the ad), but his alcoholic-bever-

age ads and his insistence on waiting until the time is right make him perfect for the job.

A little alcohol can retard ejaculation, because it relieves anxiety and deadens sensations a bit. So how about a public-service ad like the one we're suggesting? A sturdier girl would be needed, though, if nothing more than the grapes is going to be crushed.



A Dog's Life

We believe in equal access, and we just don't think this is fair. A public restroom should be open to everyone... even the beasts. Our thanks to the reader who sent us this photo of discrimination in

action. It's cruelty to animals and an outrage we want to bring to America's attention. Ugly women have to go to the bathroom too, right? We wouldn't blame them for being pissed off.

bloomingdale's leather ties and belts are bound to please



bloomingdale's...carrying on in alfred's tradition

Fit to Be Tied

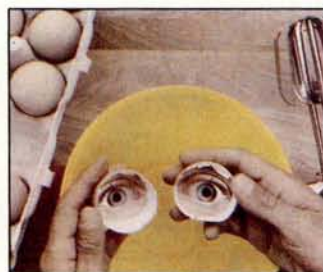
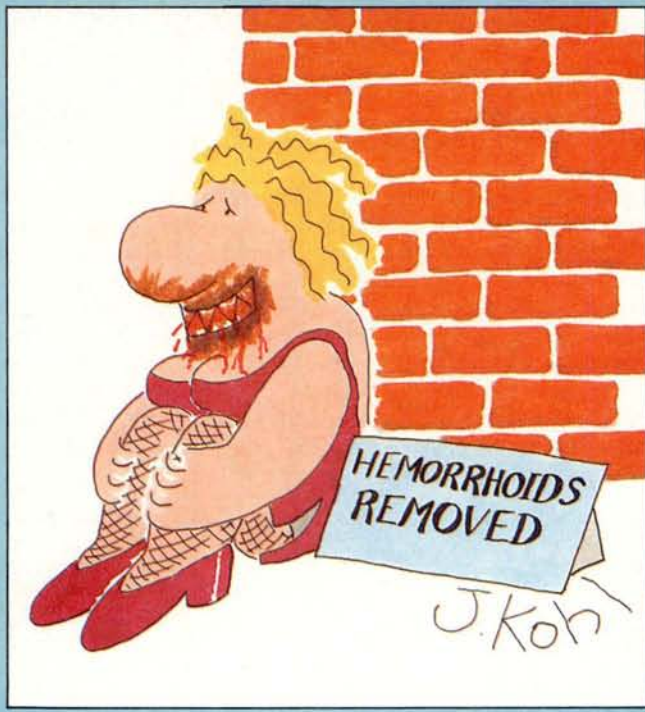
Model Vicki Morgan's testimony during her "palimony" trial has brought the late department-store tycoon Alfred Bloomingdale's kinky sex habits out

of the closet. On her first date with him, Morgan claims he tied up two nude women with his neckties and beat them with his belt. Alfred was always so fashion-conscious.

Since leather is big this year,

we figure a Bloomingdale's department-store ad like the one we've created would *tie up* the cash registers with business from the bondage set. It sure wouldn't hurt. Or maybe Alfred would rather it did.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



It's No Yolk!

Frankly, we're confused by this postcard from Jim Haberman Cards (15 Cleveland St., Arlington, MA 02174). But we're also intrigued by its visual impact. See if you can unscramble the picture's message. Our eyes are beat.

HUSTLER Update

ROBERT
NIMMO

October '82

For the second time within a three-month period, a politician named Asshole of the Month by HUSTLER has resigned under pressure. First it was Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who stepped down last June. This time it was Robert Nimmo, head of the Veterans Administration. Nimmo ruthlessly sabotaged U.S. veterans' programs, freezing funds for new medical facilities and refusing to help Agent Orange victims. He wasted more than \$65,000 on office decorations, a government chauffeur and a military plane for his own use. We wrote, "If the Reagan Administration has any conscience at all, Nimmo will be canned by the time you read this." Less than two months later he resigned, effective December 1982.



THE G SPOT
January '81

Two years ago HUSTLER reported "what many... women will soon be discovering: There is a small trigger inside the female vagina that produces an intense, 'inner-vaginal' orgasm.... This trigger has been labeled the 'Grafenberg spot' in honor of sex researcher Ernest Grafenberg." Now at last all America has discovered the G spot, as it's being called. A book by that title (*The G Spot*, by Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly Whipple and John D. Perry) made the *New York Times* best-seller list, and comedian Johnny Carson joked about it: "Where's Doc Severinson?" "He went to find his G spot." We had it first.

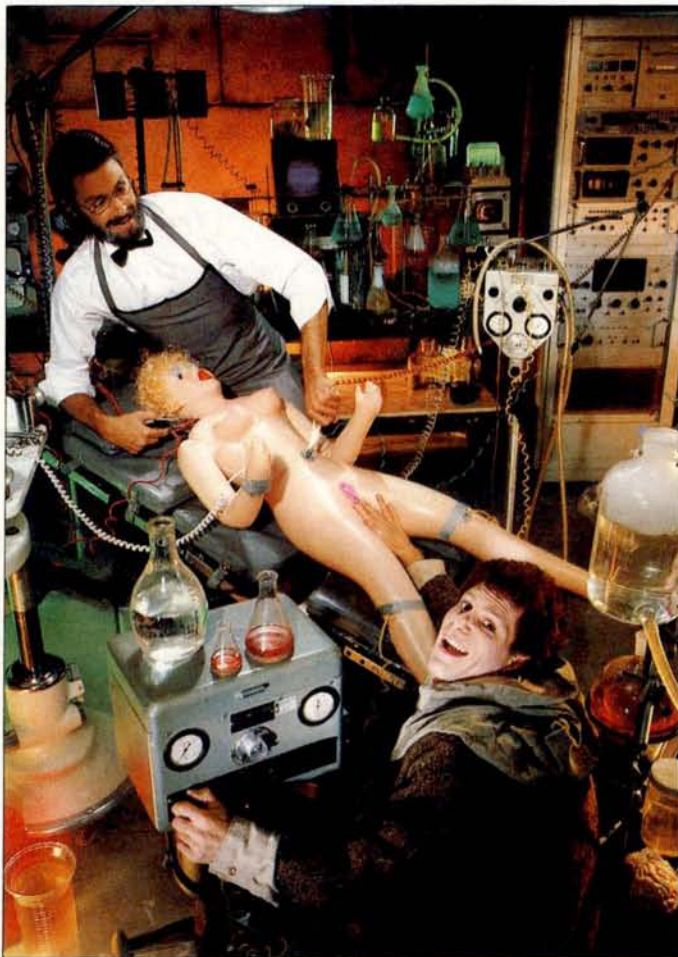


Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains

all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return original art on request (enclose SASE). For February, \$150 goes to A. J. Grimaldi and Raymond Tillman.

HUSTLER HAS NO COMPETITION!



Not Playboy. Not Penthouse. Not any of the other so-called men's publications can make a magazine come alive like HUSTLER! They've studied our style and experimented with our techniques, but they can't reproduce the HUSTLER originality. Who else gives you a "Lulu" like our 300-pound centerfold? Or an exotic encounter between a beautiful woman and an awesome seven-foot-tall bear? On the pages of what other magazine will you find a 50-year-old woman showing pink, an outa-

geous hermaphrodite displaying both her male and female sex organs in a centerspread-style shooting, a gorgeous young girl with three breasts or an expectant centerfold in her ninth month of pregnancy? But that's not all! We've got other fantastic pictorials coming up, including a boa constrictor wrapped around the bare body of a beautiful woman. Clip out the coupon below and subscribe to the one and only HUSTLER. We've created a Frankenstein that brings you to life!

Please Print

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YES! I want to subscribe to HUSTLER.

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		mo.	year

VDOH

Signature

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Phone Number (Include Area Code)

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS
ALL SUBSCRIPTION PRICES SUBJECT
TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Satisfactions

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced by Harold Lime and M. Murray; directed by Robert McCallum; written by C. W. O'Hara; starring Rhonda Jo Petty, Honey Wilder, John Leslie, Eric Edwards, Kay Parker, Laura Lazarr, Ron Jeremy, Chrissy Beauchand, Cara Lott, Carmel and R. Bolla. Running time: 85 minutes.

Harold Lime, producer of Harry Reems' comeback movie, *Society Affairs*, has given the adult audience yet another reason to breathe heavily for a while. It's called *Satisfactions*, and the girls are hot enough to set off smoke detectors in the theater.

The sexual situations are tied together in an overly loose fashion, but the viewer will be too busy gawking at the choice ladies to care much. The flick's goal is simply to explore how



Laura Lazarr in 'Satisfactions': Hot enough to set off smoke detectors.

people reach their "satisfactions," a fancy term for getting your rocks off. It's a constant barrage of sucking, fucking and whatever else comes in between, with an emphasis on cockteasers who get a taste of their own medicine.

On center stage is Honey Wilder as a woman married to a real-estate tycoon. Honey attempts to fire her chauffeur (John Leslie) and maid (Carmel), but Leslie bails them out by convincing Wilder that she needs a good fuck to get a better outlook on life. Chief stud of porn John Leslie is such a ladies' man, he could probably

get Queen Elizabeth to go down on him on national TV. Suffice it to say, Wilder eats up the whole episode.

But it's Wilder's rich-bitch daughter, played by Rhonda Jo Petty, who sets the movie on fire. Wearing the skimpiest of clothes, the knockout blonde saunters past some burly construction workers, bending over at the right moments. This is not a safe thing to do, and rest assured the hardhats give Petty her due porking.

Every sex scene in *Satisfactions* plays into the sweaty palm of some typical male fantasy.

There's Eric Edwards as a pool boy seduced by two young tarts. He puts both girls on top of each other and fucks them like a layer cake—and Edwards provides the icing.

Another scene has Kay Parker playing a sympathetic bartender. She shows a young guy the refreshing ins and outs of sex with an older woman after he's been dumped by his stuck-up girlfriend.

A highlight is the always-chubby but always-likable R. Bolla, who plays a married man with a penchant for cheating on his wife. His taste in extracurricular playmates is excellent: Laura Lazarr, a new porn actress with one of the prettiest faces on the adult scene, portrays his lover.

With this movie, it's okay to forget about logic and just sit back and enjoy. *Satisfactions* is like a sexual smorgasbord—there's all you can eat for the price of admission.

—Dave Yuzo Spector



Cara Lott and Chrissy Beauchand are double trouble in 'Satisfactions.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- 1 FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- 2 THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- 3 HALF ERECT**
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- 4 ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- 5 TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Kay Parker shows young John Martin the ins and outs of being an adult.

The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Michel Dejou and Henri Pachard; directed and written by Henri Pachard; starring Lee Carroll, Ashley Moore, Sharon Mitchell, R. Bolla, Joanna Storm, Joey Silvera, Joey Carson and Lisa Be. Running time: 79 minutes.

This is one dirty movie. While sex has taken the backseat as many adult films become more sophisticated, such is not the case here. In *Lydia*



'Lydia Lace': Discovering a steamy world of forbidden sexuality.

Lace, sex is the story. We're talking major sex too, with a steamy, forbidden atmosphere the likes of which wet dreams are made.

The film takes a look at the sexual double standards many of us are guilty of maintaining. It's about people who say, "That's disgusting! I could never do something like that," and turn around and do the same

"disgusting" thing in private.

Porn veterans Lee Carroll and Ashley Moore play an upper-class couple who are bored with normal sex and begin to experiment on the side. The movie opens with Carroll and then Moore masturbating in the shower. Moore yells at her for taking so long in the bathroom, knowing full well he intends to wack off when it's his turn. This little episode sets the tone for what's to come.

Moore has an affair with Lydia Lace, a sleazy live-sex-act performer in Times Square, played by Sharon Mitchell. Moore, uncomfortable with his own inhibited sexuality, verbally abuses the good-natured Mitchell. In what has to be her best acting to date, Mitchell handles the mistreatment beautifully—and dishes it right back. Their sex takes place in her dingy New York apartment, with the disturbing noise of children playing outside and police sirens screaming by. Director Pachard told this reviewer that he put the sound effects in on purpose; the tense urban qualities give this scene and others a true-to-life eroticism.

In the meantime, Lee Carroll—in her role as a psychologist—realizes there's more to sex than humping while watching Johnny Carson. Patients like Frankie (Joey Silvera), a compulsive masturbator, and others with kinkier sexual desires bring out Carroll's hidden lust. Eventually, Carroll and Moore tell each other what they've experienced outside their bedroom.

To carry things further, they agree to visit a bizarre swingers and S&M club called the Cha-



Lee Carroll and Ashley Moore will try anything once in 'Lydia Lace.'



'Taboo II': Juliet Anderson tempts Kay Parker in this tale of incest.

teau Fantasy. (Some of you might like to know that these scenes were shot at a real place called Club O in lower Manhattan.) By this time, Carroll and Moore have become about as sexually liberal as anyone could ever be.

If you want to take an unforgettable ride in sexual fantasy, *The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace* tells you where to get off.

—D. Y. S.

Taboo II

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and written by Helene Terrie; directed by Kirdy Stevens; starring Dorothy LeMay, Kay Parker, Honey Wilder, Kevin James, Eric Edwards, Juliet Anderson, Ron Jeremy, Cara Lott and Bambi. Running time: 97 minutes.

Kirdy Stevens first tackled the ticklish theme of incest a couple of years back in *Taboo* (reviewed in HUSTLER, January 1981—rated Three-Quarters Erect). He dishes up the forbidden fruit once again in this lavish sequel, which continues the story of incest and seduction, this time with the McBride family. *Taboo II* is beautifully shot and wonderfully scored, with a gutsy soundtrack of original songs, and the sex is just the way you like it, hot and naughty. But like some children of inbreeding, this offspring of *Taboo* is a little strange around the edges.

The plot is simple enough. Junior McBride (Kevin James) has the hots for his sexy little sister, Sherry (Dorothy LeMay), who spends most of her time

fending off her horny brother's attacks. Most brothers pull pig-tails; Junior pulls anything with a jiggle. Not to be discouraged by his sister's rejection, Junior enlists the aid of her curvaceous school chum (played by spunky newcomer Bambi), and together they trick



Nymphette Bambi brings a spunky sexuality to the screen in 'Taboo II.'

the unsuspecting sister. Bambi seduces LeMay with some nail-gripping good head, and while the latter is driven to distraction, Bambi trades places with ready-and-able James.

By the time LeMay notices the switch, she's already into her third orgasm. The brother and sister then embark on a sizzling series of fuckfests that would singe the hair off an Eskimo. Once the old taboos are shattered by the kids, it isn't long before incest spreads

through the entire family like a bad case of the clap. The mother (Honey Wilder) soon succumbs to her secret longing for her son, and in an improbable scene, Sherry seduces her father (Eric Edwards) in his own bedroom while Mom snoozes through the whole thing just inches away on the other side of the bed.

The main problem with the film is that it spends way too much time trying to convince us that the McBrides are your average American family. The film is laden with day-in-the-life family scenes of breakfasts and dinners that just don't come off. In one sequence, LeMay bursts into Edwards' office and catches him fondling his secretary, his tongue jammed about four inches down her throat. Without so much as an excuse me, the two of them immediately break into your average father-daughter talk about a new car, homework and boyfriends, as if we'd just spliced into *Father Knows Best*. Lame, unbelievable scenes like this undermine the whole attempt at realism.

Taboo II is strongest when it sticks to the sex, most of which is one-on-one and very sensual. Kevin James has some great moves and all the right equipment, and new star Bambi takes to her carnal pleasure with an honest zeal that is lacking in so many porn actresses these days.

So if you're not offended by the devil-may-care attitude toward the serious subject of incest and can enjoy the film as the good erotic *fantasy* it was meant to be, then *Taboo II* is well worth the watching.

—R. C.



St. James does her own kind of operating with a secret stash of dildos.



Jesie St. James and Paul Thomas mix sex and silliness in 'N*U*R*S*E*S.'

N*U*R*S*E*S of the 407

Half Erect. Produced by Cleve Robbins; directed by Tony Kendrick; written by Julian Orynski and Tony Kendrick; starring Jesie St. James, Paul Thomas, John Martin, Joey Silvera and Kristin. Running time: 81 minutes.

It's no surprise that someone would come along and make a porn version of *M*A*S*H*. It is a surprise that they would wait ten years to do it, and this after-the-fact parody has an uphill battle to come off as fresh and original. It's a pretty decent takeoff, but the producers were too busy satirizing *M*A*S*H* (the popular television show, not the movie) to concentrate on *S*E*X*.

Paul Thomas plays the sour-grapes, wisecracking "Hawkeye" role made famous by Alan Alda. John Martin portrays his sidekick, "B. J.," but the one who really steals the show is Joey Silvera as the timid "Radar." It's a difficult role for

Silvera, who's well-known for his cocky, "God's gift to women" approach. Here he goes for the laughs, and when he finally screws his first woman, you may find yourself cheering for the lucky guy.

In the "Hot Lips" character, Jesie St. James does a fine job of being cold as fish when it comes to sex... except in the privacy of her own barracks, where she loves to masturbate. St. James is an exceptional sex-



Joey Silvera gives Kristin the ride of her life in 'N*U*R*S*E*S.'

tress as well as actress, and watching this lady lug out her secret stash of dildos and vibrators makes for both a comical and erotic scene.

As in the TV and movie versions, the boys are bored with war and spend all their time on pranks. One of them is trying to get the hopeless "Radar" laid. Kristin plays a nurse whose tremendous jugs do for Army fatigues what General Douglas MacArthur did for the pipe. Feeling sorry for Silvera, Kristin opens her legs to him and gets the fuck of her life.

If the sex were hotter, *N*U*R*S*E*S of the 407* could have been a blockbuster hit. At best, it's a lot of fun for horny *M*A*S*H* fans, but a dud for those who like their sex films to sizzle.

—D. Y. S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
A Thousand and One
Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Memphis Cat House Blues
Never So Deep
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Babe
Beauty
Body Magic
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
I Like to Watch
Peaches and Cream
Purely Physical
Titillation
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Roommates
Seven Seductions of
Madame Lau
Skintight
The Blonde Next Door
The Playgirl
The Tiffany Minx
Trashi
Undercovers

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime... Anyplace
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Fireworks
Foreplay
The Cosmopolitan Girl
The Mistress

Totally Limp

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights
The Seductress

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

WhiteFlesh for Black Markets

By John G. Gerten; Ermine Publishers, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 312, Hollywood, CA 90028; \$9.95.

Looking at this title, you have every reason to think it must be about black studs with white chicks. Well, it isn't. The subtitle is *A Novel of Slavery*. Well, it isn't that either, unless you think that prostitution is slavery and that all the women in this book who have sex for money are slaves because they want to be.

Part of the plot is how some of them are rounded up and sold to North African businessmen. En route to the Dark Continent, however, the ladies overpower their captors and save themselves, and we never do get a glimpse of their whoring in North Africa. Instead, we get a look at pimps, some words about drugs, alcoholism, compulsive gambling, the smuggling of drugs and firearms, and what strikes me as a very disorganized view of organized crime.

One thing this novelist hasn't learned is that nobody is all bad—or all good. Maybe that's the difference between good novels and bad ones. There just isn't anybody in this book you can like. But if you are into fast action, unnecessary violence, unbelievable motives and overhead views of people losing at



roulette, then *White Flesh for Black Markets* could be for you.

Rock 'n' Roll Babylon

By Gary Herman; Perigee Books, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$9.95.

"Babylon," Gary Herman writes, "was the capital of a vast and profligate empire. In the rock world its citizens may start from humble beginnings, but

from and why such shining talent so often reaches a tragic and bizarre ending.

Two chapters are particularly striking: The one about black groups and black stars, who've had a harder row to hoe than most; and, especially, the chapter about the stress that rock stars endure while touring. It is a stress that's inhuman and often responsible for the craziness, the smashing of pianos and hotel property and, most of all, the excesses—alcohol, drugs and sex.



Alice Cooper (top right) and friends party in 'Rock 'n' Roll Babylon.'

soon they are ushered into lush hanging gardens where there are no dreams of democracy or change, only dreams of power, wealth and the perfect tan." He ends by saying that one way or another, the rock world "eats its own young." Too true. Too damned true.

This book is about the most detailed overview of the whole rock scene, from the '50s to the present, you'll ever see. It's the ninth book Gary Herman has written about rock, and every page is proof that he knows the field and its people inside and out. He's a compassionate man and, though he rakes up a lot of muck, he makes it pretty clear where these gritty things come

As for the sex, it's laced through everything about the rock scene, and this book is very generous with it—in words



'Babylon': Singer Otis Redding is pulled from lake after fatal plane crash.



Some of Bianca Jagger's finer assets are captured in 'Babylon.'

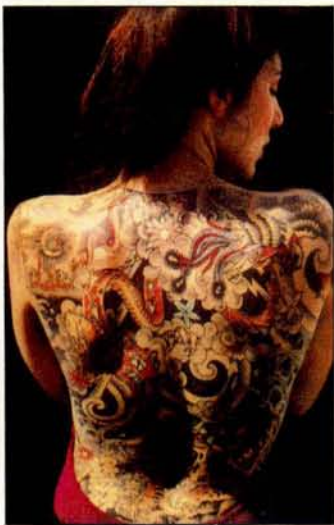
and lots of rare photographs. They're all in black-and-white, but somehow that makes it more real. And this "life in the fast lane" called rock—weird as it is—is very real.

Skin Show

By Christopher Wroblewski; Dragon's Dream, distributed by Quick Fox, 33 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023; \$10.95.

Do you wear a ring, a chain, maybe a cross or a star of David? Or do you wear a tattoo? The impulse to decorate our bodies goes back a long way. Sometimes it's just to attract attention; sometimes it comes from the desire to be just a little different from the rest of the crowd. Sometimes it's to display something just because it's beautiful.

In the case of tattooing, all of these reasons might apply. In his interesting introduction, author Christopher Wroblewski gives a short history of the art, from those found on mummies 4,000 years old, through the accounts of early explorers and missionaries, to the modern tattoo parlor. It's ironic that



The shapely bodies of three ladies show the rich variety of tattoo designs in Christopher Wroblewski's 'Skin Show.'

the colorful, intricate designs worked into the flesh of Maori tribesmen, for example—done to please their gods—were regarded as savagery and proof of inferiority. There was also good trade in pieces of tattooed skin sold as souvenirs among primitive cultures.

Catholic soldiers and sailors would be marked by the sign of the cross to make certain of Christian burial if they met their deaths in foreign lands. It was also believed that the tattoo of a pig on the instep of the foot would prevent drowning, and the letters H-O-L-D-F-A-S-T, one for each finger, would prevent a man from being swept overboard in a storm.

It was the Japanese—with

their introduction of new, complex and really beautiful designs—who brought back a measure of respectability to the practice of tattooing.

Bodies bearing a number of these designs have been colorfully photographed for this unusual volume. Christopher Wroblewski's *Skin Show: The Art & Craft of Tattoo* is an interesting little book.

Victim

By Gary Kinder; Delacorte Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017; \$15.95.

Written like a novel, this is the story of a revolting crime: Two men enter a stereo shop and hold the young manager at

gunpoint. Just then a 16-year-old, fresh from the airfield where he had just soloed his first private-plane flight, drops in and gets kicked downstairs into the basement. The young salesgirl and the manager are also forced down there. The father of the manager arrives, then the mother of the young aviator.

They are all tied up and forced to drink liquid drain-cleaner, except for the girl. She is taken into a back room and raped. All five are then shot in the head. The manager's father has a ball-point pen completely thrust into his ear. Finally, the stereo store is stripped of \$29,000 worth of stock, which is loaded into a van and driven away.

But *Victim* isn't a novel. It's the terrible true story of the brutal murders of Mrs. Byron Naisbett, young Stan Walker and 19-year-old Michelle Ansley. Stan Walker's father, with the ball-point pen in his ear and a gunshot wound in his head,

miraculously survived. Mrs. Naisbett and her pilot son, Courtney, were alive when discovered; she died later at a hospital.


The bulk of the narrative is a gruesomely detailed account of the agony of Courtney Naisbett over the months and years that followed the crime. Part of his brain was destroyed; his throat was burned and completely closed with scar tissue. Frightful complications set in as time went by; yet the brave young man would not die.

Painfully, gradually, he healed. There was operation after operation. He was fed through tubes in his veins and later through one sticking out of his abdomen. Somehow, though, he managed to go on and graduate from high school



with his class. Still, he'll probably never lead a normal life. The cost in both dollars and in the agonies he and his family have suffered is enormous.

The murderers were caught, tried, convicted and sentenced. One got life in prison while the other two received the death penalty. Eight years later, however, they are still working their way through our justice system's appeal process—healthy, fed and sheltered.

It's quite a statement. 



In 'Skin Show' the boundless art of tattooing is vividly explored.

'Skin Show': The body becomes a living canvas for the tattoo artist.

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It is past midnight when Brenda's father enters the upstairs bedroom. As always, he loosens the lightbulb in the overhead socket so that if anyone walks in, the light won't come on. He opens his tattered robe, revealing a half-erect penis. "I'm doing this to show you how much I love you," he says.

To 11-year-old Brenda the recent shock of her first menstrual period, the sight of blood swirling in the toilet bowl with no warning from her mother, does little to help her withstand her father's abuse. Trembling, she unbuttons her flannel pajamas—the sooner it's over, the better.

The man's bourbon-breath mouth kisses her budding breasts, his whiskers chafing her skin repeatedly. Brenda knows the ugliness will be over as soon as she feels the warm liquid hit her belly.

It is the same nearly every night. Brenda cannot tell her mother, who also fears the man's rantings and violent behavior.

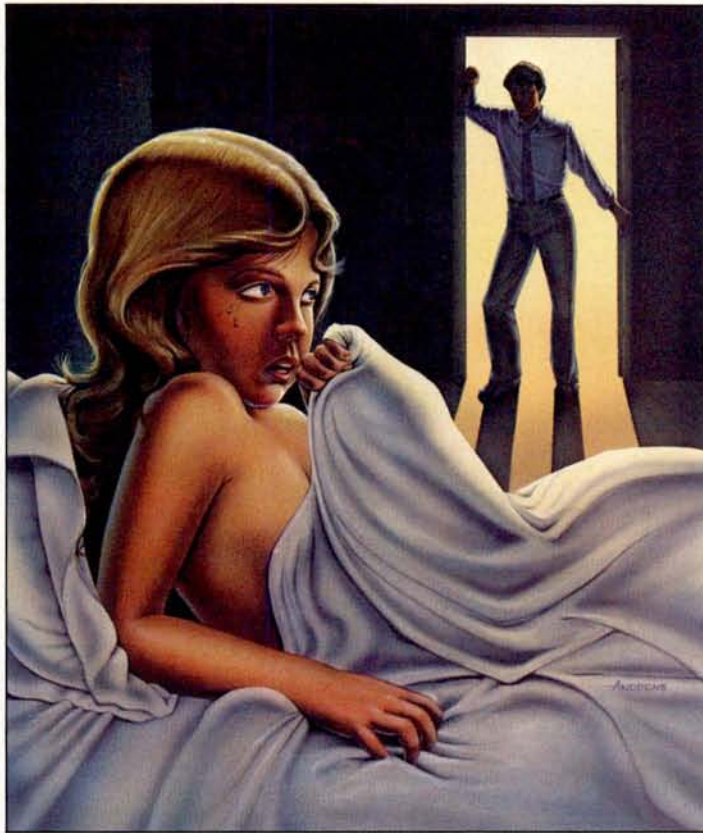
Brenda's father closes his robe, kisses her on the forehead and tells her how wonderful it is to share secrets. He tightens the lightbulb in the socket and leaves Brenda in her shattered peace. Drained of all emotion, the little girl cannot muster a single tear.

That was nearly 15 years ago. While the horrors of incest have not changed, at least one area of the problem has seen some progress: Both victims and molesters are now more aware that help is there for the asking.

Such was the case with Mary, one of many youngsters whose experiences have been documented by the Child Welfare League of America.

Teachers at Mary's school noticed signs of physical abuse and filed a report with local authorities. They in turn referred the family to the counseling center at a local hospital. At that time, Mary told the therapist that her father was molesting her. After the State Attorney's office filed formal charges, a plea bargain was reached: Mary would be

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



INCEST: A WARNING GUIDE

by Francesca Porter

placed in a psychiatric hospital and her father ordered to stay away from the home.

A few months after Mary was back in her mother's care, her therapists noticed changes in the little girl. Withdrawn and silent much of the time, she had nightmares and bad stomach cramps. After questioning, she admitted that her father was sneaking back to the house, trying to sexually abuse her again! He was rearrested and jailed.

Because Mary's therapists paid close attention to her symptoms and asked the right questions, she was safe—for a time, at least.

Still, far too many of the 100,000 to 250,000 children who are molested by

family members each year aren't so fortunate. Often they remain silent out of fear or because they mistakenly blame themselves for the incest.

Although all states have laws which require that incest be reported, adults frequently are reluctant to believe a child who claims to have been sexually molested by a parent. It isn't surprising that incestuous sexual abuse typically goes on for years while the victims suffer in silence.

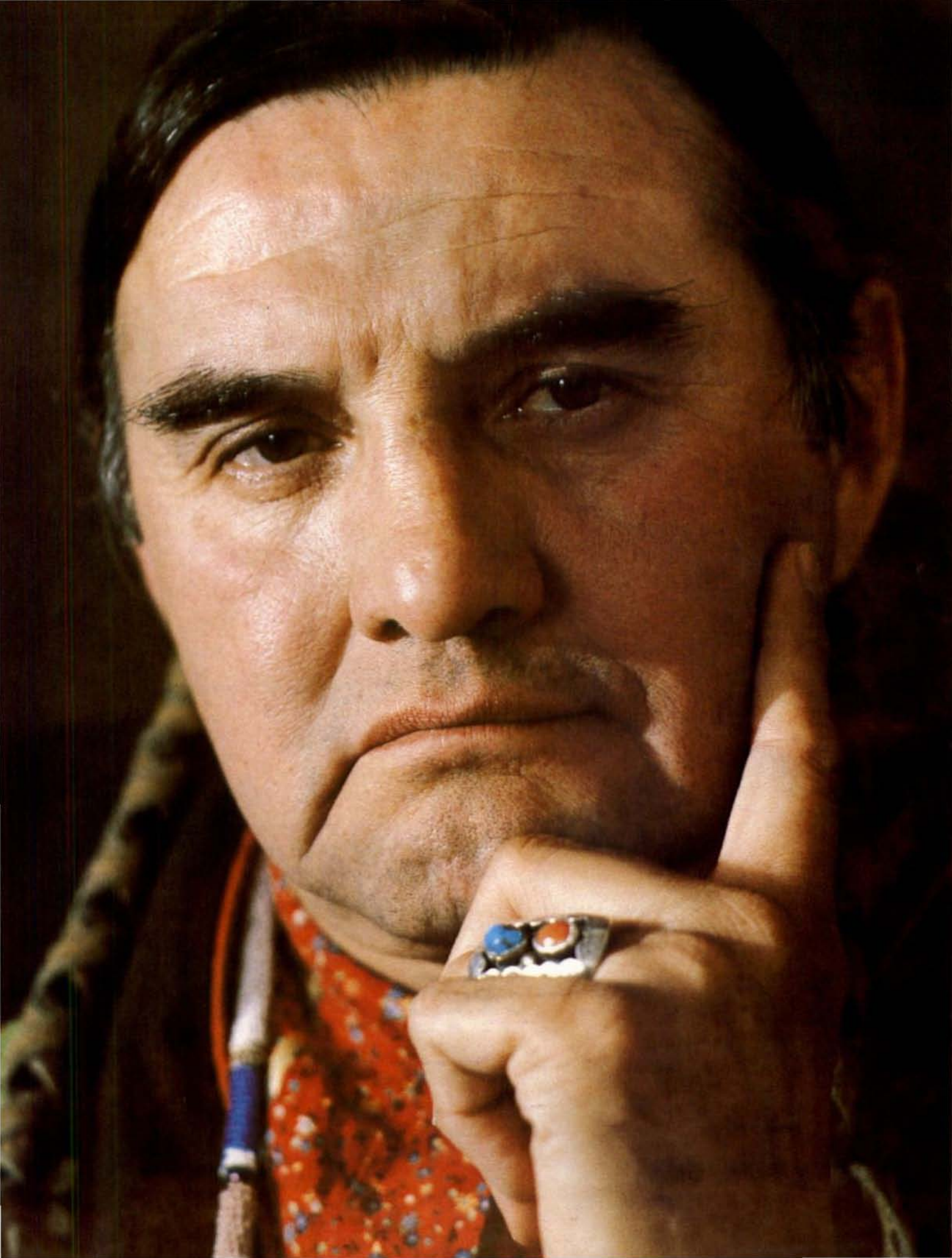
"Of the thousands of cases we've handled, not one of the girls was lying," says Dr. Henry Giarretto, executive director of the Child Sexual Abuse Treatment Program in San Jose, California. "Children don't tell lies like that about their natural parents. One or two have exaggerated about a stepfather, but even then I believe there is a basis in fact for the stories."

Since the program began in 1971, Dr. Giarretto has worked with more than 5,000 incestuous families and has received over 4,000 letters from incest victims. "Not one of them said the experience was beneficial," he states. "There's a sense of deep betrayal. Often you'll see self-abusive behavior in victims; a child will destroy his or her favorite toys. As they grow older, they continue the self-destructive pattern, often turning to promiscuous behavior or prostitution. They distrust other people."

The distrust can come early and is frequently a cue that incest is taking place in a family. Depression, withdrawal, and failure in school are also warning signs, according to Drs. Blair and Rita Justice, authors of the acclaimed book *The Broken Taboo: Sex in the Family*. Although such "incest cues" don't prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that a child is a victim of incest, the Justices write, "The point here is that a child in an unhealthy situation will give cues that something is wrong. What may be wrong is that incest is going on."

Since small children have a hard time finding words for their fears, the emo-

(continued on page 134)



INTERVIEW:

VERNON BELLECOURT Indian on the Warpath

The plight of the Indian has long been one of America's most disgraceful realities. In a country that showcases its wealth, its culture and its passion for peace, their treatment has been a deplorable display of greed, ignorance and brutality. Nearly 28% of our 1,362,000 Indians live below the poverty level—the largest percentage of any single ethnic group. Forty-six percent are out of work. During the past three centuries a virtual state of war has existed between these native Americans and the descendants of the Pilgrims.

Years ago, that war took the form of open and often-barbaric conflict. In 1864 the U.S. Cavalry under Colonel George Chivington attacked a settlement of Cheyenne Indians at Sand Creek in southern Colorado, massacring every man, woman and child in sight. The cavalry contingent then rode into Denver displaying the severed breasts of Indian women on the tips of their sabers.

In 1890, troops of the Seventh Cavalry butchered Chief Big Foot and 350 Sioux Indians—mostly women and children—at the infamous battle of Wounded Knee.

The war continues today, but instead of being fought on battlefields, it is waged on the reservations of the Lakota in North and South Dakota and the Hopi in Arizona; in the oil fields of Wyoming's Arapaho; in the coal mines of the Navajos; and along the rivers of the Nez Perce in Washington State. It is fought in the Department of the Interior, in Congress, in the state houses and most often in the courts. It is a war more subtle than the thunderous slaughters of the 18th and 19th centuries, but from the Indian point of view the struggle is just as desperate. At stake are land, re-

sources, education, and economic and political rights—the meat and milk of survival.

To fight this new kind of war, a new kind of Indian leader has emerged. This leader must be equally at home both with tribal councils and with councils of multinational corporations, with the secret mysteries of his tradition and the no-less-mysterious secrets of the American judicial system. One of the most prominent of these new leaders is Vernon Bellecourt, a representative of the White Earth Anishanabi nation of Minnesota, a nation that some mistakenly call the Chipewa or the Ojibwa.

Born 50 years ago on the Anishanabi reservation, Bellecourt was given the name of Wabun-Inini, which means—appropriately—“Daybreak Man” or “New Day.” His mother came out from the Loon and Crane clans, which have traditionally filled the roles of poets, artists and seers in Anishanabi soci-

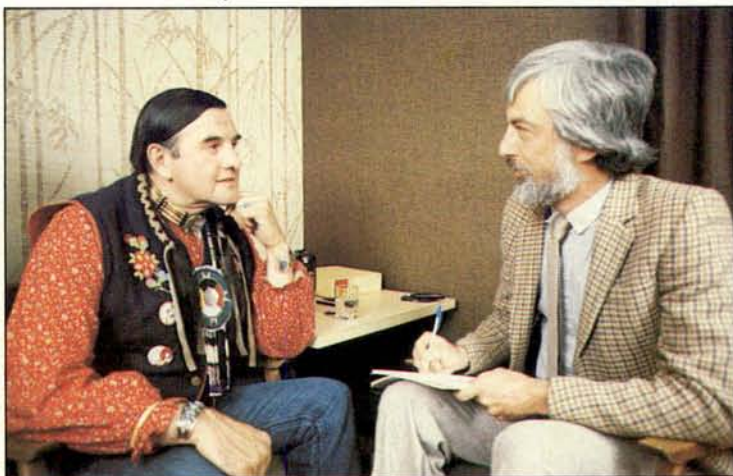
ety. His father's lineage goes back 400 years, to the court of Louis XIV of France.

However, Bellecourt's childhood was anything but poetic or glorious. Anishanabi lands had been overrun by settlers who dominated the Indian peoples around them. “They came as our guests,” Bellecourt remembers, “but as soon as they got here, they started acting like hosts.” In white schools, Bellecourt saw and was subjected to what he calls “the chronic and continued mistreatment of Indian students.” Angry and disillusioned, he left school after the eighth grade and began drifting to deadend dishwashing and janitorial jobs. When the jobs ran out, frustration and bitterness overcame him, and he turned to crime. At the age of 19 he went to the St. Cloud Reformatory for robbing a tavern.

In prison Bellecourt took up barbering. Within a few years he had worked himself up to the Administration barber shop, where he served the warden, the parole board and the prison psychologists. “All the people,” he says, “who had my fate in their hands.” Initially facing up to 45 years, Bellecourt so impressed his “customers” that he was paroled in 36 months. Within a few years after his release he was one of the most fashionable hairstylists in Minneapolis, with a staff of 30 and an appointment book full of wealthy clients.

Always on the lookout for new challenges, Bellecourt soon moved to Denver and went into commercial real-estate sales. But by then the '60s had exploded across the country, sounding their strident appeal on behalf of the people of oppressed minorities. His brother Clyde was helping to found the American Indian Movement (AIM), a grass-

by Bill Lawren



Bellecourt lashes out at U.S. system of justice to HUSTLER reporter Lawren.

roots coalition of Indian communities whose goals included combating job discrimination, housing discrimination and police brutality.

"All the issues," as Vernon Bellecourt says, "that are compounded when Indians are forced to migrate to urban centers." Soon he could resist the call no longer. He joined the fledgling movement, directing AIM's Denver chapter.

In 1973 a second battle at Wounded Knee erupted in South Dakota. AIM leader Russell Means and several hundred supporters "liberated" the town and held it against a federal siege for 71 days, exchanging shots with FBI agents in the process.

Bellecourt was there, and he ultimately faced a federal indictment—which was later dropped for lack of evidence—for his part in the uprising. Since that time he has been an impassioned and articulate spokesman for Indian causes, and he's now both a member of the International Indian Treaty Council of the American Indian Movement and secretary/treasurer of the White Earth Anishanabii Tribal Council.

Today Bellecourt maintains a heavy load of speeches and public appearances. HUSTLER caught up with him in Boston, Massachusetts, where he was part of a panel on Indian legal questions at Harvard Law School. During breaks in his hectic appearance schedule, Bellecourt talked to HUSTLER reporter Bill Lawren:

HUSTLER: Is the average Indian worse off today than when the Pilgrims came?

BELLECCOURT: You know, by today's definition the Pilgrims were nothing more than a bunch of terrorists. In fact, what you call the first Thanksgiving was really a Pilgrim celebration of the massacre of 800 Pequot Indians. From the first time we came in contact with these terrorists, conditions of life for Indian people have deteriorated. We're not just the bottom rung of the American ladder; we're the floor mat.

HUSTLER: In what way?

BELLECCOURT: We've been brainwashed, stripped of our identity, stripped of our traditions, our language and our values. There's been a conspiracy of massive proportions to steal our lands and our resources. For 300 years we've been the object of genocide—deliberate and systematic destruction. We suffer a 44-year life expectancy, infant mortality rates three to five times the national average, and suicide rates ten times the national average.

HUSTLER: Did the uprising at Wounded Knee ease this despair?

BELLECCOURT: Wounded Knee was very important. It made a lot of people realize that Indians are still fighting America's longest war, that Indians have survived what amounts to an American holocaust.

HUSTLER: Do you see more Wounded Knees in the future?

BELLECCOURT: We like to believe that we won't have to resort to another Wounded Knee, but if we're pushed into a corner, in the interests of our own survival we will walk the path of the freedom fighter.

HUSTLER: Where might the next Wounded Knee occur?

BELLECCOURT: In Montana, where the Supreme Court stabbed the Crow nation in the back and ruled that the Big Horn River no longer belongs to the Crows. In Arizona, where the government plans to forcefully remove 9,000 Navajos from their land. In the Black Hills of North and South Dakota, where the Lakota people have settled the Yellow Thunder Community on 800 acres of so-called National Park land. In the state of Washington, where there are still efforts to erode the hunting and fishing rights of Indians. These are hot-spots where a confrontation might erupt in the near future.

HUSTLER: How has the Bureau of Indian Affairs responded to Indian needs?

BELLECCOURT: In almost every case the bureau has been detrimental to the interests of the Indians, who are the very people it is supposed to defend. In the past 100 years about 100,000 acres have disappeared from our reservations. Millions of dollars in trust funds have disappeared. Right now in Minnesota we have a law firm investigating what happened to \$90 million worth of White Earth nation land that was illegally sold by the government, and we didn't even benefit. The money is gone.

HUSTLER: That sounds like swindling.

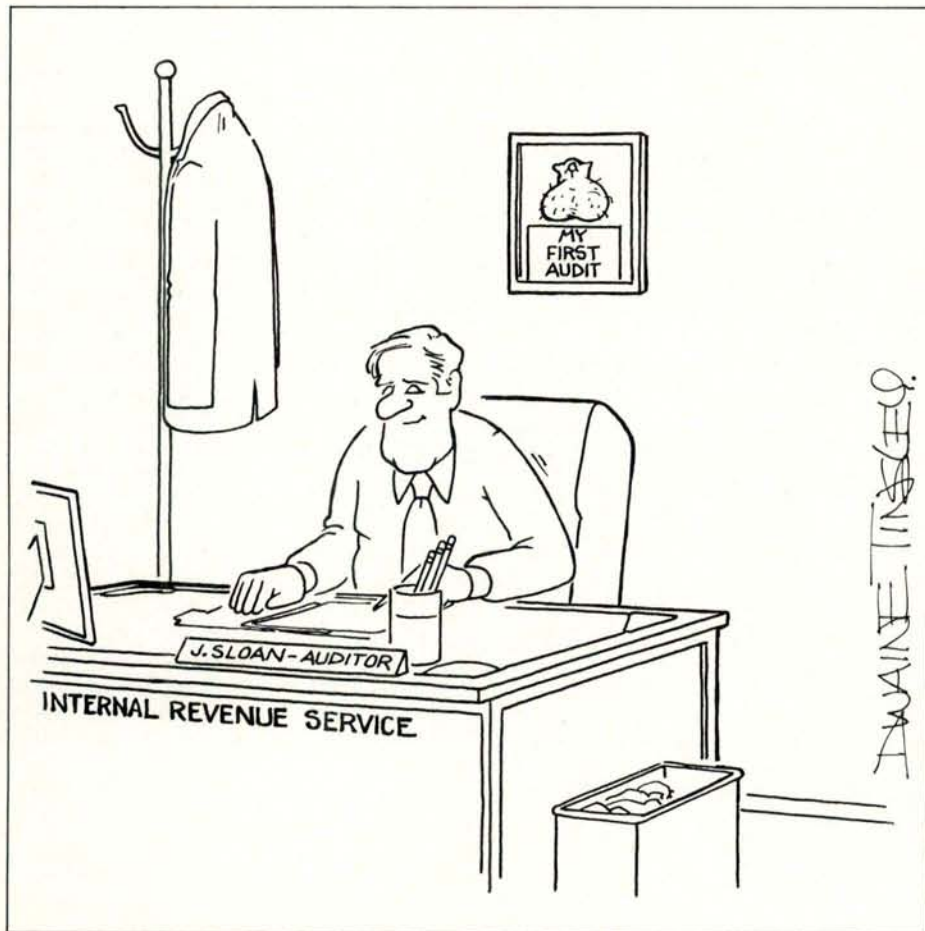
BELLECCOURT: Exactly. Yet the minute we start to uncover the corruption and swindling that took place, we run into government leaders who are in the hip pocket of non-Indian interests. For example, the Interior Department has always been an adversary of the Indian tribes, and its Secretary—James Watt—has already taken a strong stand against us. It's a case of the fox being appointed to guard the chickens, and who do you think the chickens are?

HUSTLER: Have the Indians had any help in the courts?

BELLECCOURT: The federal courts are doing the same job that the Gatling gun and the saber did at Wounded Knee and Sand Creek in the 1800s. Behind the robes of justice, the courts carry on the same role as the cavalry.

HUSTLER: It seems like every time the Indians tell the government, "Hey, you're cheating us," the government says, "Oops" and then finds some new way to screw the Indian.

BELLECCOURT: Exactly. Of course, it's





"Remember when it was booze and strippers?"

always been the policy of the government not to return our land to us, but to try to pay us a few pennies an acre for what it was worth at the time it was stolen. That's still going on today—in the Black Hills, for example, where Congress recently made an offer of \$17 million. Well, according to the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, the Lakota and Dakota peoples own the Black Hills. The area is sacred to the Plains tribes. It's their Jerusalem. So their leaders have always taken the position that the Black Hills are not for sale. They refused the offer for \$17 million. Then Congress came back and offered them \$120 million, and once again the Lakota rejected the offer.

HUSTLER: What are some of the other modern tactics the government is using to cheat the Indians?

BELLECCOURT: Well, they're always designing laws to give legal credibility to their continued theft of our water rights. Then there's gerrymandering. That's a technique they use to politically castrate the Indian, to stop him from getting political power. In Apache County, Arizona, the San Carlos Apaches had a voting bloc big enough to be vital in any close election. So the Arizona legislature split the San Carlos Reservation into three different districts, and now they have no power at all.

The history of the major oil companies shows that they built their empires looting the oil resources of the Indian nations in Oklahoma and other states. If you look at the history of the Osage Indians of Oklahoma, you'll find that white people were murdering Indians and then adopting their orphaned children just to get their oil rights. I doubt very much that the oil companies have reformed overnight; they've just become more covert and more devious.

HUSTLER: You hear a lot of talk among white people about how great the Indians have it, with all their oil and uranium. You hear them say, "Hey, these Indians are rich, and they don't even pay taxes. Why should I care what happens to them?" How do you respond to that?

BELLECCOURT: That's one of the biggest misconceptions that exists today. First of all, we paid our taxes in advance—so to speak—for the development of this country. We're still subject to federal income taxes, just like everyone else. We pay state property taxes and sales taxes. Now the amount of resources on some of our reservations makes people think that we're very wealthy. But the statistics and the looting of our resources indicate otherwise.

If the U.S. government had taken a look at its relationship of dishonor with

the Indian peoples, it could have first made peace with us. That would have made them friends throughout the world and would have put some real meaning in their human-rights campaign.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the human-rights programs of the last two Presidential administrations?

BELLECCOURT: Those programs are definitely hypocritical. Instead of helping Indians at home, they send \$250 million in military aid to the fascist junta in Guatemala to help prevent that nation from going Communist. And what happens? The junta goes out and kills Guatemalan Indians!

HUSTLER: How do you respond when white historians say that 18th- and 19th-century Indians were always fighting one another for territory; so the colonials were justified in grabbing land from the Indians?

BELLECCOURT: Two myths have been used historically as excuses to steal our lands and commit acts of genocide against us. One is the China Syndrome—the belief that we walked across the Bering Strait from Mongolia. Since we came from somewhere else, this myth goes, it's perfectly all right for European colonials to come in and oppress us.

The second myth is the one you just described, that we were always fighting and killing one another anyway; so therefore it's all right for European colonials to come in and kill us. Well, the Indians never had the philosophy that we've got a piece of paper in our pocket that tells us we own a particular piece of land. For the most part, Indians lived side by side in a harmonious way, with mutual use of hunting grounds and mutual occupation of territories. If fighting started to develop among the tribes, it was only because the Indian survivors of the colonial holocaust on the Eastern Seaboard were pushed westward into the territories of other nations. Obviously, this doesn't justify the colonial societies' coming in and committing the crimes they did against us—the genocide, the germ warfare, the deceit and thievery.

HUSTLER: How beneficial are the current government allocations for Indian health and education?

BELLECCOURT: You know, one of the tools of domination is to keep the people poor, keep them oppressed, keep them dependent. As far as welfare and the government are concerned, it's always been the handout mentality instead of the hand-up. Our health care is never really adequate—our people have to wait for dental care, for eyeglasses; they often have to wait even for surgery. Always the government gives us about

(continued on page 54)



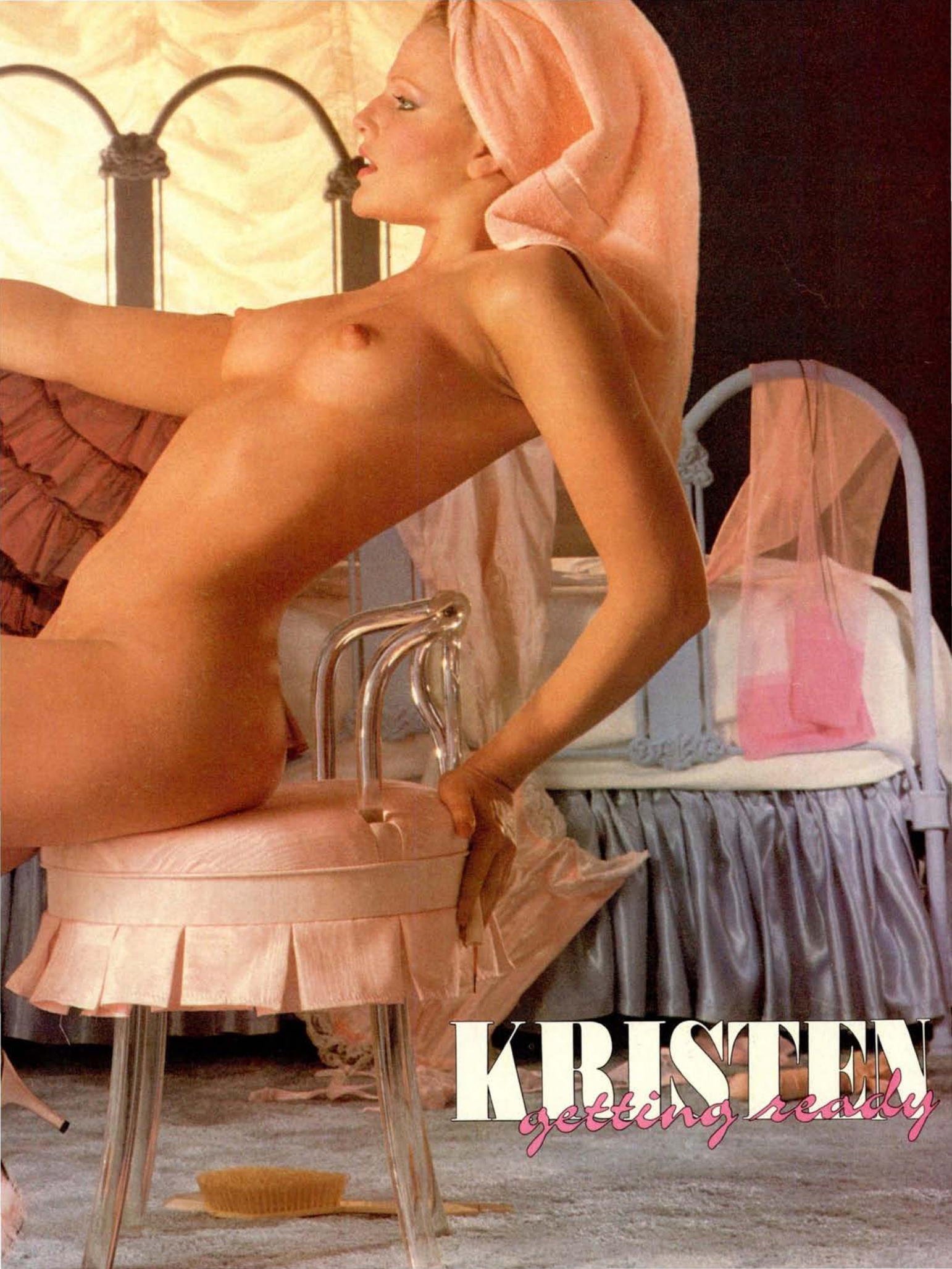
"I've got a date tonight, Mom. Can I borrow the bag?"



"Relax, Mr. Thomas. It's just a simple prostate examination!"



Photography by Matti Klatt



KRISTEN
getting ready









I don't like to rush anything," says 24-year-old Kristen, "especially a big date. To me, getting ready for a guy is just as important as being with him." Kristen likes to take the time to pamper herself and think about the man she's going to be with that night. As she bathes, she imagines the feel of his strong hands on her tender body. She can sense the heat of his breath on her neck as she puts on cologne. Says Kristen, "I imagine his strength as he comes to me and I take him in and feel him deep, deep inside me, discovering all those secret places that make me a woman." Flushed from the excitement of anticipation, she finally smiles: "Now I'm ready."

















VERNON BELLECOURT

(continued from page 38)

10% of what we really need. Again, it seems like a premeditated scheme to keep tribal government in a weakened position in which people are competing over homes and jobs. This is how they keep us locked into chronic cycles of poverty and frustration.

HUSTLER: If by some miracle the U.S. government were to come to you and say, "Mr. Bellecourt, design us an Indian policy that will work," what would that policy look like?

BELLECOURT: The federal government would have to recognize its crimes against the Indian people. They've got to pay our people for the economic losses we've suffered because of the taking of land and resources. We have to have control of our territories. We have to have full rights to prosecute laws on our own reservations, the right to tax and the right to pass natural-resource ordinances to protect our environment. We have to have the right to develop economic self-sufficiency and political independence. Only then will we be able to guarantee a future for our children.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that only Indians could design a policy that would work for your people?

BELLECOURT: Yes. In the past we've

had various do-gooders come in and try to do something for us, and each and every time we found that they did it to us.

HUSTLER: Since no one seems to be asking you to design this policy, how do you go about getting some political clout?

BELLECOURT: First we have to strengthen our tribal constitutions to break this paternalistic relationship with the federal government. We have to minimize the effect of the Department of the Interior, if not wipe it out completely. Then we have to have international recognition. As far as we're concerned, the various colonial governments of the Americas have our seats in the United Nations. We want U.N. recognition of all the Indian peoples of North, Central and South America as sovereign Indian nations with all rights and powers. That's not much more than the so-called American patriots were fighting for 200 years ago.

HUSTLER: How far have you gotten with international recognition?

BELLECOURT: For the last four years the International Indian Treaty Council has what they call NGO status at the U.N., which makes us part of their non-governmental structure. We're now working toward full-observer status, which is just one step short of being recognized as an independent nation.

HUSTLER: Which is the better path for the Indians: to assimilate into white society or to remain traditional?

BELLECOURT: Assimilation is a losing proposition. Assimilation means that we have to breathe rancid air, drink rancid water and eat rancid food for nothing better than the interests of industrialized society. We see this as the American death-cult mentality, and if we follow the path of assimilation, we'll be destroyed too. Why should we be asked to self-destruct?

HUSTLER: What about economic assimilation? There seems to be one school of thought among Indian leadership that the only way out for the Indian is to dive head and foot into the stream of profit motive.

BELLECOURT: In the interest of our survival, we have to gain economic self-sufficiency—as long as we do it in some way that does not compromise our spiritual understanding of the Mother Earth. We have to have sensible development of our resources. If it can be done in a way that doesn't destroy our culture, our environment and our spiritual relationship with the land, then fine.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the way Indians and Indian issues are handled in the media?

BELLECOURT: We're very critical about the way the media have covered Indian events. They try to fortify the stereotypes of the Indian as the proud and noble savage. In the process they completely ignore everything that is important to our people.

For example, I once met a young Kickapoo who was working at the NASA-Goddard Space Center. He was a mathematician, a brilliant young man who was a team member of the Jupiter probe. That was a good story. It should have been covered by television, but it never was. Yet if there are some Indians in a shopping center someplace, disgracing their people by doing a rain dance, all three networks will be there.

HUSTLER: What about Mazola's TV commercial, in which a beautiful Indian maiden traces the roots of salad oil back to the corn that the Indians gave to the Pilgrims?

BELLECOURT: It's decent, in a sense, even though it's very poorly done. At least it portrays the fact that we gave corn to the world. In fact, when the colonials first came here, the Indians welcomed them by giving them what amounted to about 85% of the foodstuffs that are now consumed in this country and in Europe. We were cultivating many, many different crops while European man was still swinging in the trees. People mistakenly have the idea





"Well, Gene, I'm a housewife with two children, and I not only love giving head . . . I swallow it!"

that we were all primitive, that we had not developed any of the sciences. But over the thousands of years of our existence we developed natural medicines that had cured almost all our diseases.

Then came the white man, who brought in diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid and VD, all of which had been completely unknown to the Indian people. Since we couldn't develop medicines fast enough for these diseases, we became the victims of germ warfare. About half the 15 million Indian inhabitants of the United States were decimated in this holocaust.

But before that, we had developed very high levels of medical technology. They've found skulls in the Southwest and among the Mayan and Aztec civilizations that show those people practiced brain surgery. Now we find that people are looking back, taking the holistic approach to health: mental, spiritual and physical well-being in relationship to the land. People are finally waking up and realizing that maybe native peoples who lived in harmonious balance with nature for thousands of years do have some of the answers.

HUSTLER: What's been the role of women in Indian societies?

BELLECCOURT: Women have never been oppressed. They've always been liberated, and they've always played a

very important role. Many times they select the leadership and have the power of recall if their leadership doesn't do a good job. Over the years, because of the conditions I've already described, our men were many times forced into prisons. When that happened, the women also had to take over the role of the head of the household—the hunter, the breadwinner. Sometimes they endured the very demeaning necessity to sit in welfare offices and apply for food stamps. Today women are still playing a very prominent role in many of our organizations, and that makes us feel a tremendous amount of respect for them.

HUSTLER: What's been the experience of the Indian who's left the reservation and gone to the cities?

BELLECCOURT: I have yet to meet an Indian in the city who didn't want to be back home. I'm convinced that once we resolve our economic problems and housing problems, when we can provide jobs and homes and a better way of life, every one of our people will come out of the cities and come home.

HUSTLER: But what about the problems they face in the meantime, such as alcoholism?

BELLECCOURT: You can give a quart of whiskey to a white man, a black man, a yellow man or a red man, and they're all going to get drunk, right? So physiologi-

cally there's no difference. But psychologically, yes. Out of the destruction and despair of not truly knowing who they are—the destruction that took place through brainwashing programs in white schools—and out of chronic cycles of poverty that are passed on from parent to children, alcoholism certainly is a very serious problem. As a killer of Indian people, it's probably second to the persecution and genocide that's still being committed.

A good example is the Peltier case. Leonard Peltier is a Lakota Indian and AIM leader who was convicted in a controversial 1977 trial of killing two FBI agents in a shoot-out at Pine Ridge Reservation in North Dakota. He later unsuccessfully attempted to escape from the federal prison in Marion, Illinois, where he's serving two life terms.

The federal government was very careful to select a judge in that case—Paul Benson—who has always handed out stiff prison sentences to Indians. Fact is, the judge should have come into court wearing a red scarf and a train conductor's cap, because he was there to railroad Leonard Peltier. If he wasn't in conspiracy with the federal prosecutors, there certainly appeared to be a lot of cooperation.

HUSTLER: Some say Peltier's escape attempt was engineered by the government as a setup to shoot him.

BELLECCOURT: There was obviously a conspiracy to kill Leonard Peltier. To the government, he'd become a symbol of Indian resistance and defiance.

HUSTLER: Who wanted to kill him? People in the government?

BELLECCOURT: Obviously.

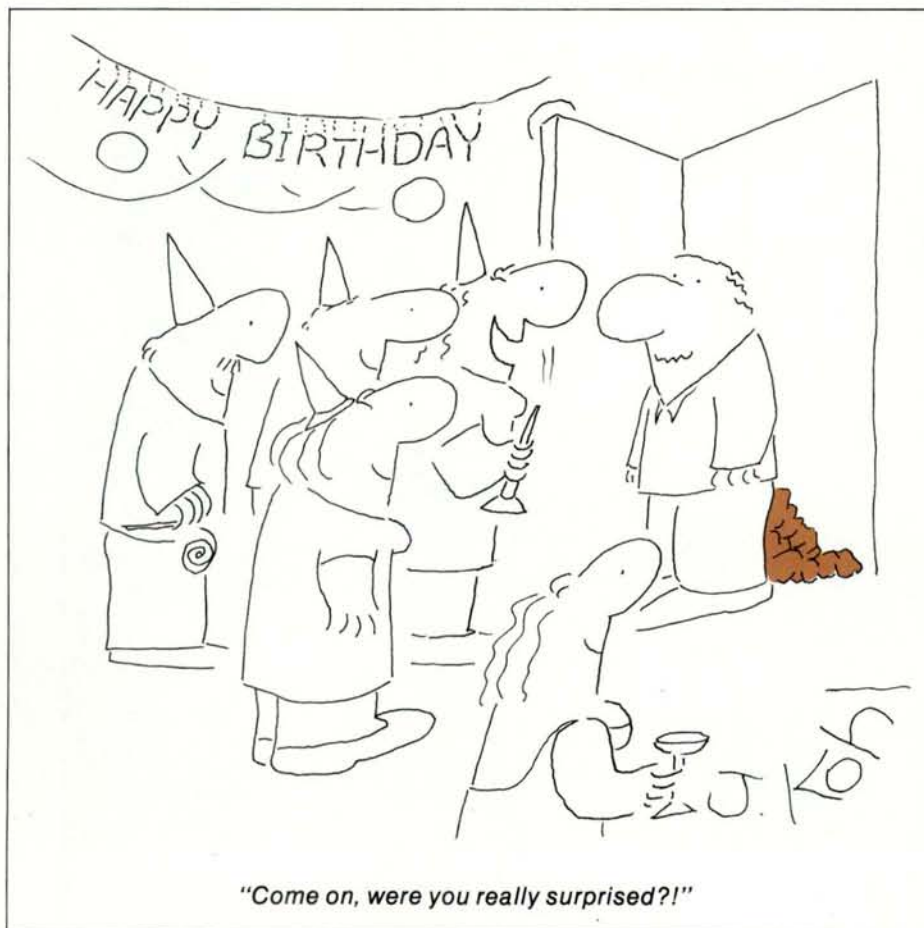
HUSTLER: FBI people?

BELLECCOURT: Obviously. And Peltier wasn't the only one. During that time a friend of Peltier's named Bobby Garcia turned up dead. Then there was a guy by the name of Rocky Duanis, who visited Peltier regularly in jail. They found a boat he was fishing in, but they never found his body. So there's this sequence of deaths of people close to Peltier that suggests a conspiracy.

HUSTLER: What's the attitude of most police departments toward Indians?

BELLECCOURT: Discrimination has become so ingrained into the fabric of colonial regimes that it's become a cultural trait to be cruel to native peoples. This is reflected in the general attitudes of people in police departments, especially in the white frontier towns on and around our reservations. People, both men and women, come to me almost every day to tell me how they've been beaten and brutalized in jail or on the way to jail. We remain victims of racist attitudes.

(continued on page 132)



"Come on, were you really surprised?!"



"Cut! Print it! Great gang-bang scene, fellas!"





DARBY
fair game



here's something so incredibly masculine in the idea of a big-game hunter," smiles Darby. "I don't think I could resist one for long." We found this beautiful 19-year-old working as a maid in an exclusive section of Beverly Hills, California, and when she agreed to pose as our February centerfold, she asked if she could appear in a big-game-hunter set. "I've had a secret fantasy since I was 12 years old," she confesses. "I like to think of myself in the middle of the jungle, curled in my man's arms, with a blazing campfire to keep the animals away." Sometimes she even fancies herself the prey. "I'd like to be a lioness. But I'm no easy catch," she boasts. From the looks of Darby, she's more than worth hunting for!















HUSTLER'S HONEY • FEBRUARY 1983

*Capture my desire,
Darby*







Summoning up the courage to have a woman-to-woman talk with her college-student daughter, the mother said, "So, are you having a satisfying sex life at school, dear?"

"Mother! What kind of question is that?!" the shocked girl exclaimed.

"Well, you're older now," the mother said, "and it's time you and I became friends. I remember that your dad and I had some real good times together when we were in college, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, well, I guess I have my share of fun too, Mom," the girl said haltingly.

"Now see!" the older woman said happily. "Isn't it nice that a mother and daughter can have an open and frank discussion about sex?"

"You're right, Mom," the girl smiled. "Don't you just hate it when you get cum in your eye?!"

Question: What's the difference between true love and herpes?

Answer: Herpes lasts forever.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *cold cut* as: a fart in a refrigerator.

Two horny friends were walking through the park. One thought to himself, while watching two dogs greet each other in their normal fashion and then romp off to play, that it would be nice if people could be familiar with each other as easily as dogs. The man finally wondered aloud to his buddy, "I wish men and women could act more like dogs. Then the world would be a much friendlier place."

"Maybe you're right," the friend answered, "but I don't think you'd feel very friendly after sniffing my wife's asshole."

The man confided to his pal, "I've got a problem, Mike, and it's ruining my life!"

"What is it?" Mike replied softly.

"When I go to fuck the old lady," the first guy continued, "I get it up okay, shove it in, take a couple of strokes, then bam!"

"Too bad," Mike said. "Sounds like a premature-ejaculation problem."

"No, no!" the buddy exclaimed, "it ain't that. I mean, bam, my wife wakes up and kicks me right in the nuts!"

Question: What happened to the porno actress when she quit making X-rated films?

Answer: She was never obscene or heard from again.

The fellow's romancing was having its effect on his lovely date. The flickering fire, the champagne and his ardent attention were softening the young lady's resistance. Finally, the two of them were arm-in-arm on the rug in front of the fireplace. "I love your eyes," he murmured, "so soft, so blue. I love your ears, so tiny, so perfect."

The girl snuggled closer to him and moaned, "Oh, please, tell me more."

"I love your lips, so full, so ripe," he went on. "I love your hair, so long, so sweet."

Enraptured, the girl raised her eyes to his and pleaded, "Oh, yes, say more; say more."

Pressed, the young Romeo continued his flattery. "Well, I, I love your neck, so white, so sleek. I love your nose, so small, so petite. Why, I even love that booger hanging from your right nostril, so spongy, so green!"

The worried man was sitting in the doctor's office. "Doc, my wife needs a hearing aid, but she refuses to come in for an examination," the man informed him.

"Are you sure she's having some hearing loss?" the physician asked.

"Oh, I'm sure, all right. The thing is, she's real sensitive about it," the man continued. "Take last night, for instance. We were getting pretty excited in bed, and I asked her to sit on my face."

"And?"

"Well, look," the man said, leaning forward. "I still haven't got all the crap out of my beard."

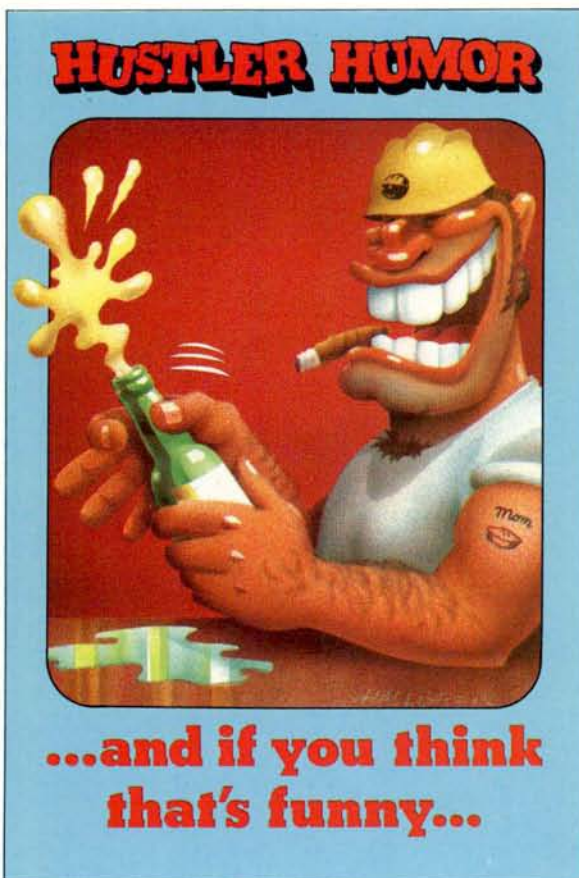
The new girl at the truck-stop waited on her first patron, a big, burly driver. "I'll have two headlights, four hubcaps and a cup of oil," the man said.

Confused, the waitress went to the kitchen and told the cook about the order. The cook laughed and said, "That's easy, honey. He wants two eggs, sunny-side up, and a stack of flapjacks with coffee."

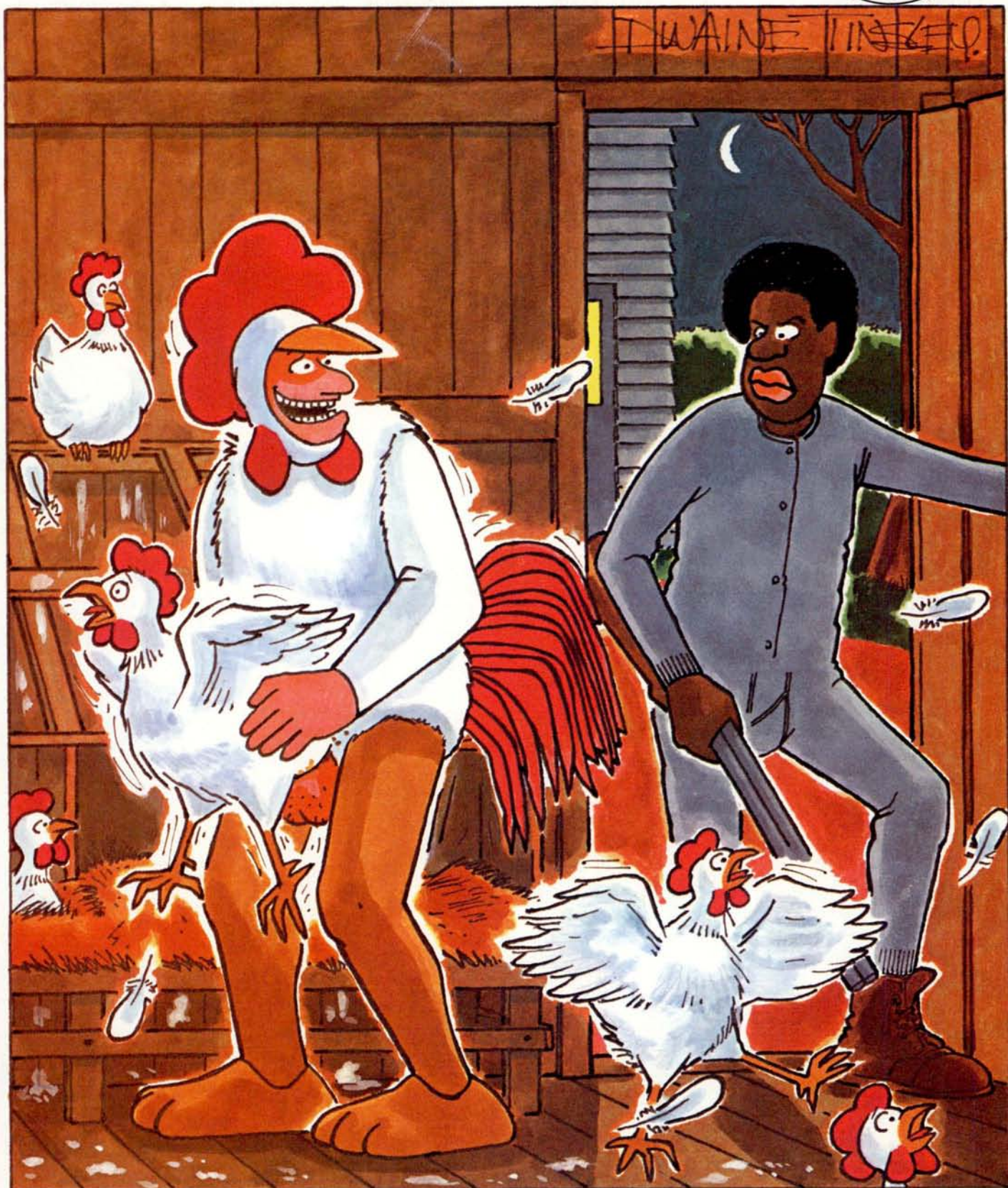
When the waitress returned to the driver's table, she set down a cup of coffee and a large bowl of beans. "I didn't order these!" the trucker protested, pointing to the beans.

"I know," the girl laughed, "but I thought you might want to gas up while you're waiting."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.



CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Uh, ain't nobody here but us chickens, boss!"

HUSTLER PERSONALS

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Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls
who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With

REAL GIRLS NOW

right in your area



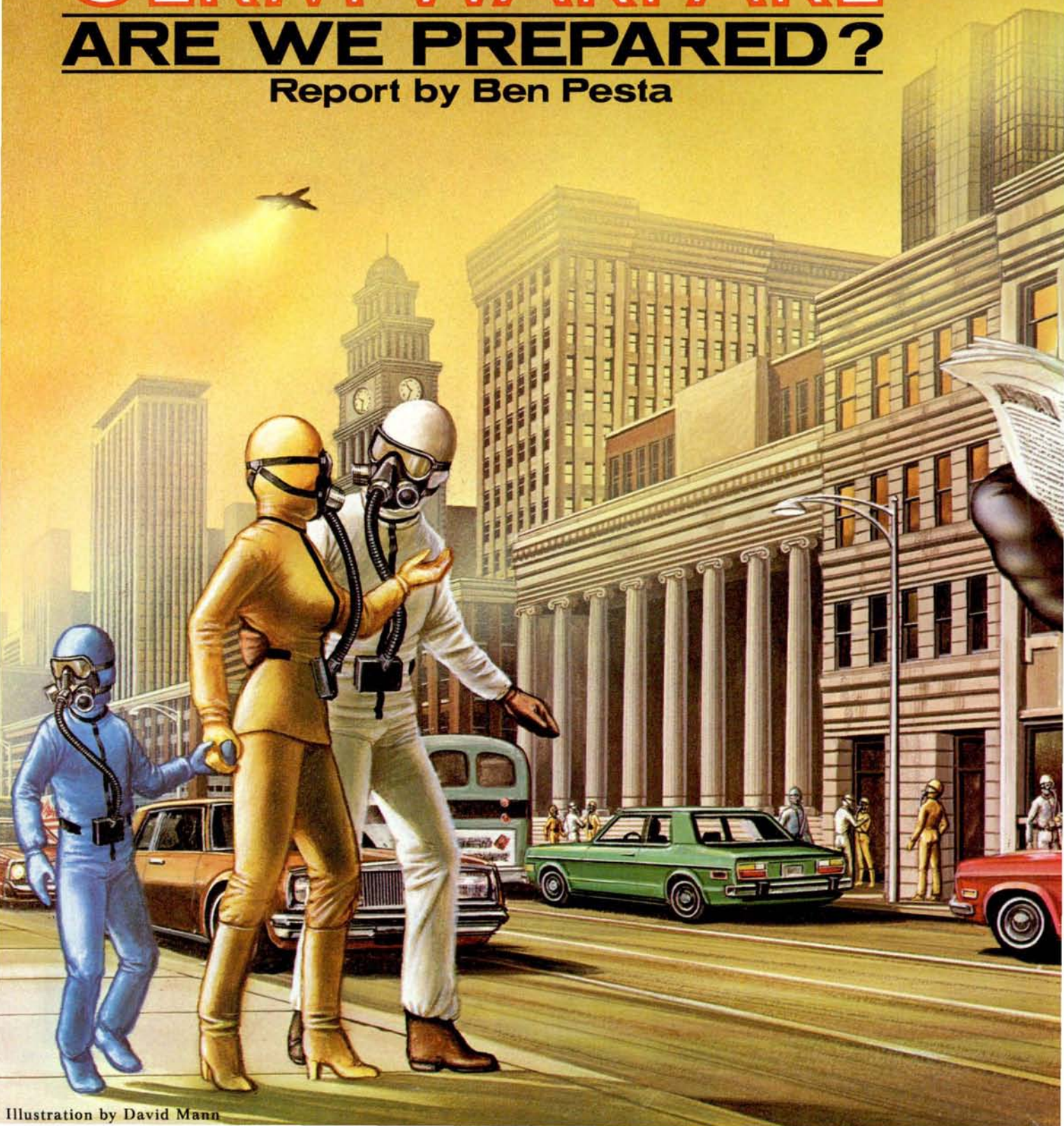
COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

Elle
818-3?4-23??

CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE

ARE WE PREPARED?

Report by Ben Pesta





Daily Times

Chemical Attacks

The time is the not-too-distant future—perhaps sooner than anyone thinks. The place is West Germany. An American GI, SP/4 William Reese, crouches behind a small embankment. He waits expectantly, ready to trigger the TOW3 antitank launcher at his side. Hearing a distant rumble, he focuses his eyes on the top of a ridge a half-mile to the east. Outlined against the sky, a Soviet T-80 heavy tank rumbles toward him. Four more T-80s appear on the horizon before he aims and fires his missile. After a few seconds one of the tanks explodes, and the concussion instantly kills everyone inside.

Now aware that they are under attack, the Russian tank commanders spread their vehicles in battle formation. While the GI reloads, the missiles of the U.S. Army's VII Corps pick off two more T-80s. Just as Reese takes aim at another Soviet invader, he spots a squadron of Russian MiG-27s flying low in tight formation—heading for the Americans' defensive position.

Several Soviet pilots press buttons that open nozzles under the wings of their aircraft, releasing a yellowish mist. Another MiG pilot fires a rocket that explodes 20 yards from Reese, emitting an ominous red cloud.

Reese freezes. A single, frightening word flashes through his mind: *gas!* He

reaches into his pack for a gas mask, but begins coughing so hard it's difficult to control his movements. By the time he fumbles the mask loose, he's vomiting uncontrollably. He feels something warm inside his khaki trousers and realizes that he's shit his pants.

The young soldier lives for only a few more minutes, gasping and convulsing like a fish out of water. Blood pours from his nose and eyes. Desperately, he pushes his face into the dirt, trying to shut out the deadly fumes. His agonized body soon stops its struggle for life. He lies motionless in the muck of his own blood, feces and vomit. Within minutes the treads of a Soviet T-80 tank on its way west flatten his corpse.

"REDS USE POISON GAS," the next day's newspaper headlines scream. Mortified TV commentators tell the story of how Soviet forces had surprised NATO troops with chemical weapons, pushing the defenders back. That night, at an emergency meeting of NATO commanders, it is decided that the West's only chance to stop the Soviet invasion of Europe lies in the use of tactical nuclear weapons. Without them the Red Army and its poison clouds would soon sweep through to France.

The next day, NATO aircraft fire a barrage of half-kiloton nuclear weapons against the advancing Soviet line. The

casualty rate—among civilians, as well as combat troops—is staggering. "NUKES STOP REDS IN EUROPE," the evening newspapers proudly announce. And after that there are no more headlines. Ever.

What you've just read is fiction. But it soon could easily become fact. At this very moment both the U.S. and the Soviet Union are developing terrifying CBW weapons that may push us to the brink of nuclear war—and beyond.

CBW is Pentagon shorthand for chemical-biological warfare—the use of poison gas and germs. Throughout the 20th century CBW weapons have been the "unmentionables" of modern combat. Even today, when mass demonstrations against nuclear weapons are again making news, relatively few people are speaking out against CBW. Maybe it's because we don't even like to think about instruments of massive death that are simpler and cheaper to make than atomic bombs.

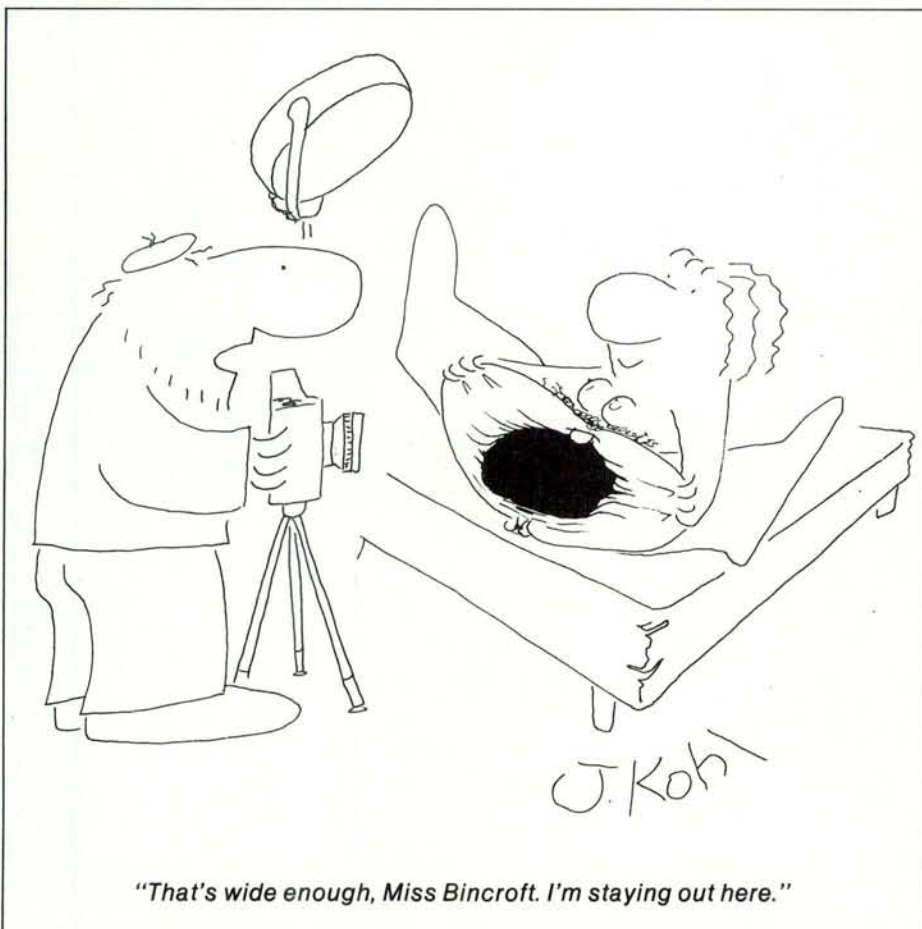
Already, the Soviet Union has trained and equipped 100,000 troops to wage all-out chemical warfare. Some Russian soldiers used these frightening weapons in the 1979 invasion of Afghanistan, leaving primitive tribesmen twitching, jerking, and bleeding to death.

The U.S., meanwhile, is preparing to produce significant numbers of CBW devices as chemical-biological warfare threats become a standard part of the saber-rattling dialogue between Washington and Moscow. Congress has appropriated \$50 million during the past two years to build a chemical-gas plant at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, capable of turning out 70,000 artillery shells each month. The shells will be filled with VX, a nerve gas so potent that a tiny drop can kill within five seconds.

Since being introduced during World War I, killer chemicals have remained a key aspect of military planning—despite pledges by many governments to abandon inhumane weaponry. Poisonous chemicals were first tested in combat by the Germans at the battle of Ypres, Belgium. The substance they used was chlorine, a primitive concoction that strips the lining from the lungs and bronchial tubes—producing fluid that fills the lungs, blocks the windpipe and froths from the mouth. Five thousand British and French soldiers died this agonizing way at Ypres. Ten thousand more were disabled.

Later in the war both the Germans and the Allies employed a number of devastating chemicals that contributed to the final count of 91,000 deaths and

(continued on page 88)



"That's wide enough, Miss Bincroft. I'm staying out here."

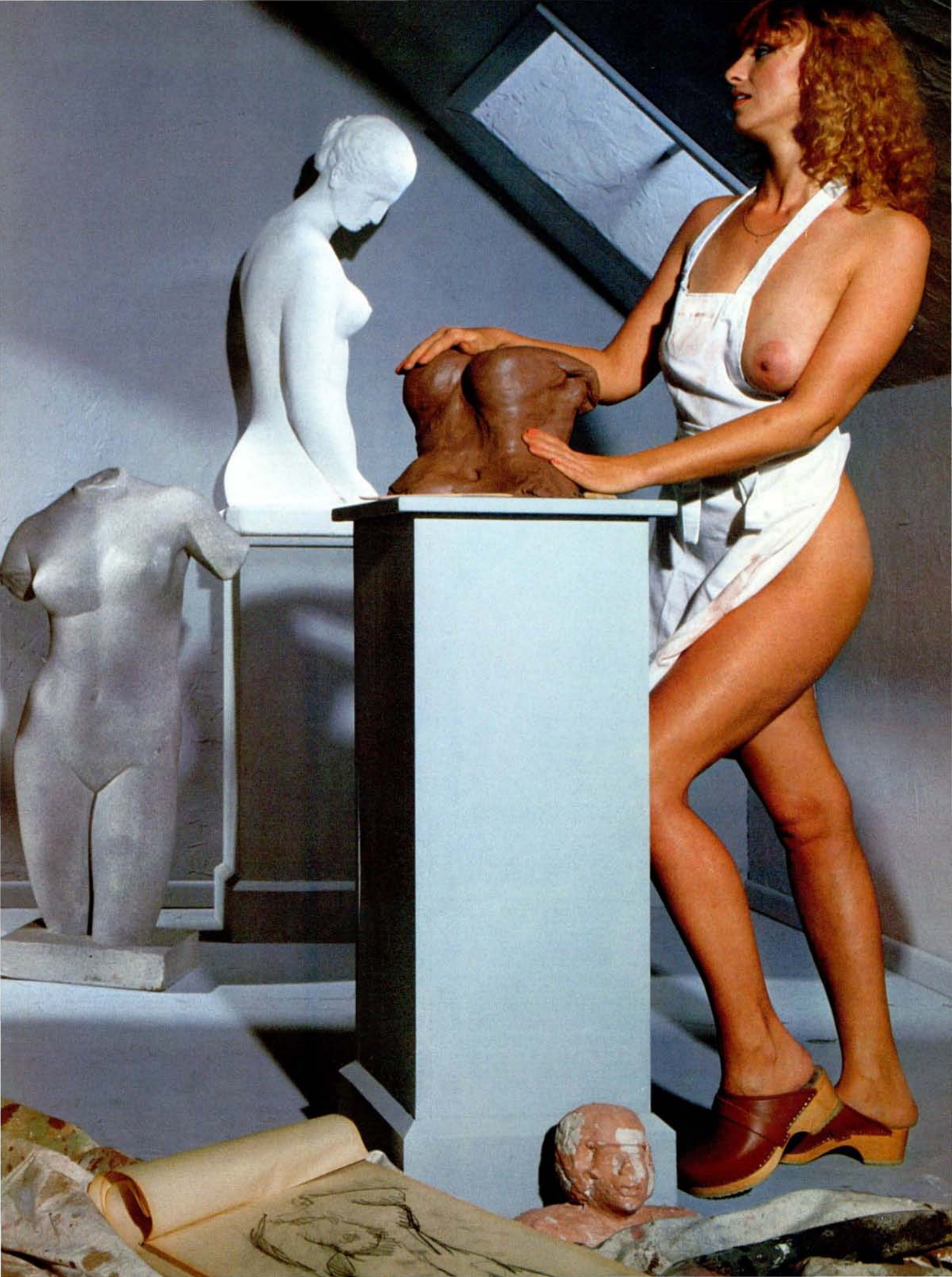


"Leaving, eh? How 'bout one last blowjob for old times' sake?"

BEAUTY IN THE MAKING



Photography by James Baes





The afternoon sun beats down on the pink-hued skin of the artist's young subject. It warms her vulnerable body, exciting her all over and filling her mind with erotic thoughts. She is not alone in her boiling lust for a new, forbidden kind of love. The artist also is smoldering. She casts aside her smock, revealing Mother Nature's sculpture. Soon their fingers roam anxiously as their tongues eagerly search out each other's mouth. Not a word is spoken; instinct alone brings their flowing passion together. Moans of pleasure escape from the open skylight as each reaches her most unforgettable orgasm. But there is work to be done, and the artist returns to her sculpture—with a much deeper knowledge of her subject.















CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE

(continued from page 76)

more than a million casualties by poison gas. Chloropicrin induced vomiting. Phosgene was an odorless choking agent 18 times stronger than chlorine. But mustard gas stood out as the war's most potent chemical weapon. More than 14,000 British casualties were reported during the first three weeks the Germans used the substance.

To the general public, shocked by lurid newspaper accounts, poison gas became the ultimate terror weapon. People feared gas the same way they were to fear the atomic bomb a generation later. But despite international resolutions outlawing chemical, biological and incendiary warfare, many countries continued to experiment with newer and deadlier gases.

By 1936, Italy was openly using bombs and shells filled with mustard gas during an empire-expanding takeover of Ethiopia. A year later, Japan used mustard gas liberally in its invasion of China. Then, in 1939, a chemist named Gerhard Schrader was trying to develop a new insecticide for I. G. Farben, the giant German chemical dyemakers' cartel that had led the field in manufacturing poisons during World War I. Dr. Schrader noticed that one substance was

highly toxic to warm-blooded animals, and reported his discovery to the German War Ministry. Naturally, the news was kept top secret.

The new poison was called tabun. While the gases of World War I had taken hours or sometimes as long as a day to kill, the odorless and colorless tabun caused asphyxiation in minutes.

Since this and other gases put the Germans years ahead of other major powers in the technology of killing, it seems surprising that they failed to use poison gas during World War II. It was mistakenly believed that the Allies had a better poison gas, and the Germans were afraid of a disastrous retaliation.

Gas very nearly *was* used during World War II—by the Allies. In 1940 England readied its meager stocks of phosgene and mustard gas in the event of a German invasion. The British had only 500 tons of gas in all, and planned to utilize it—if necessary—in a one-day barrage to drive the Nazis back into the English Channel. The Germans never did invade, but Prime Minister Winston Churchill built up a huge stockpile of gas, just in case.

War with Japan brought widespread public support in the States for its use. Newspaper headlines read, "YOU CAN COOK 'EM BETTER WITH GAS." But unlike Churchill, President Roosevelt

had severe (possibly religious) scruples about chemical warfare.

Nevertheless, we shipped 100 tons of mustard-gas bombs to the Italian harbor of Bari in 1943. The bombs were carried aboard the merchant vessel SS *John Harvey*, and the shipment was shrouded in secrecy.

Four days after the *Harvey* arrived in Bari, the German air force bombed the harbor. The *Harvey* was sunk, its deadly cargo was released into the air, and more than a thousand civilians died. Almost 700 Americans were exposed to the gas, most of them sailors who jumped into the water and were soaked by a poisonous mixture of floating oil and gas.

One medical report described the resulting burns as "most severe and distressing in the genital region. The penis in some cases was swollen to three or four times its normal size, and the scrotum was greatly enlarged." Some men who died lost 90% of their skin. The surface layers came loose in large strips that often took the hair with them.

Although the U.S. never deliberately used poison gas during World War II, we had 135,000 tons of the lethal stuff on hand when peace was declared—20,000 tons more than all the gas used in World War I.

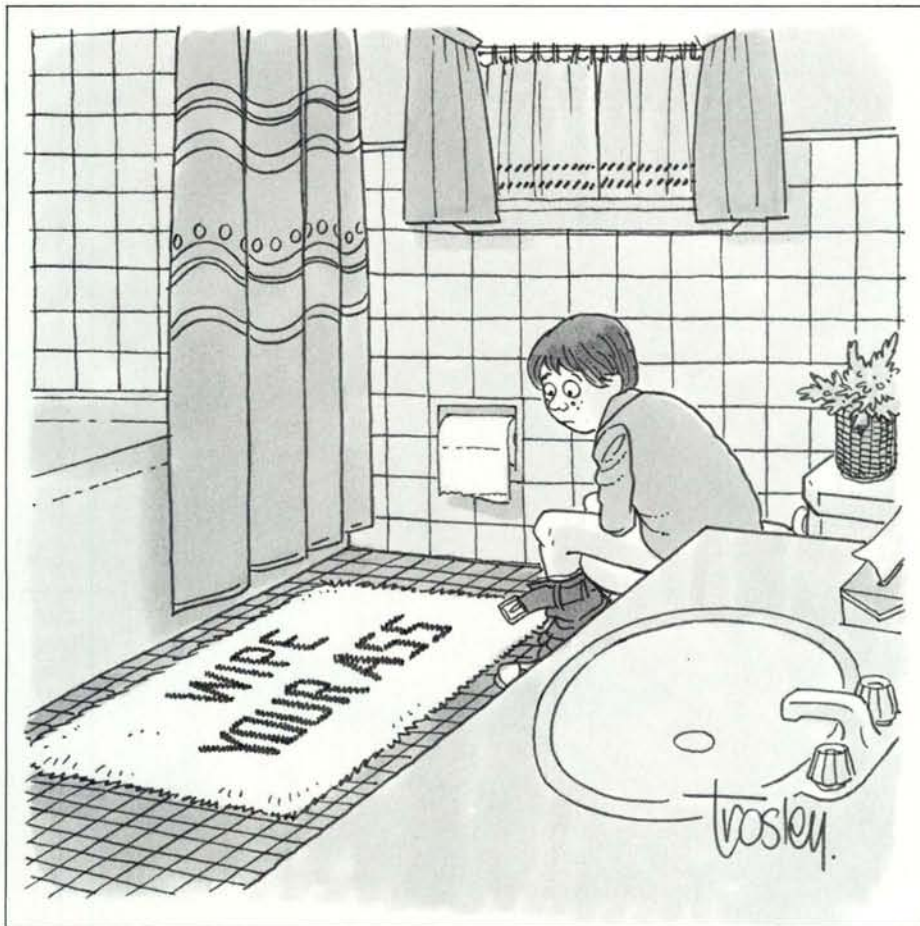
After the Japanese surrender the Allies immediately began experimenting with the secrets of three nerve gases seized from the Nazis. And the Soviet Union also got into the act, developing deadly materials taken from German poison-gas plants.

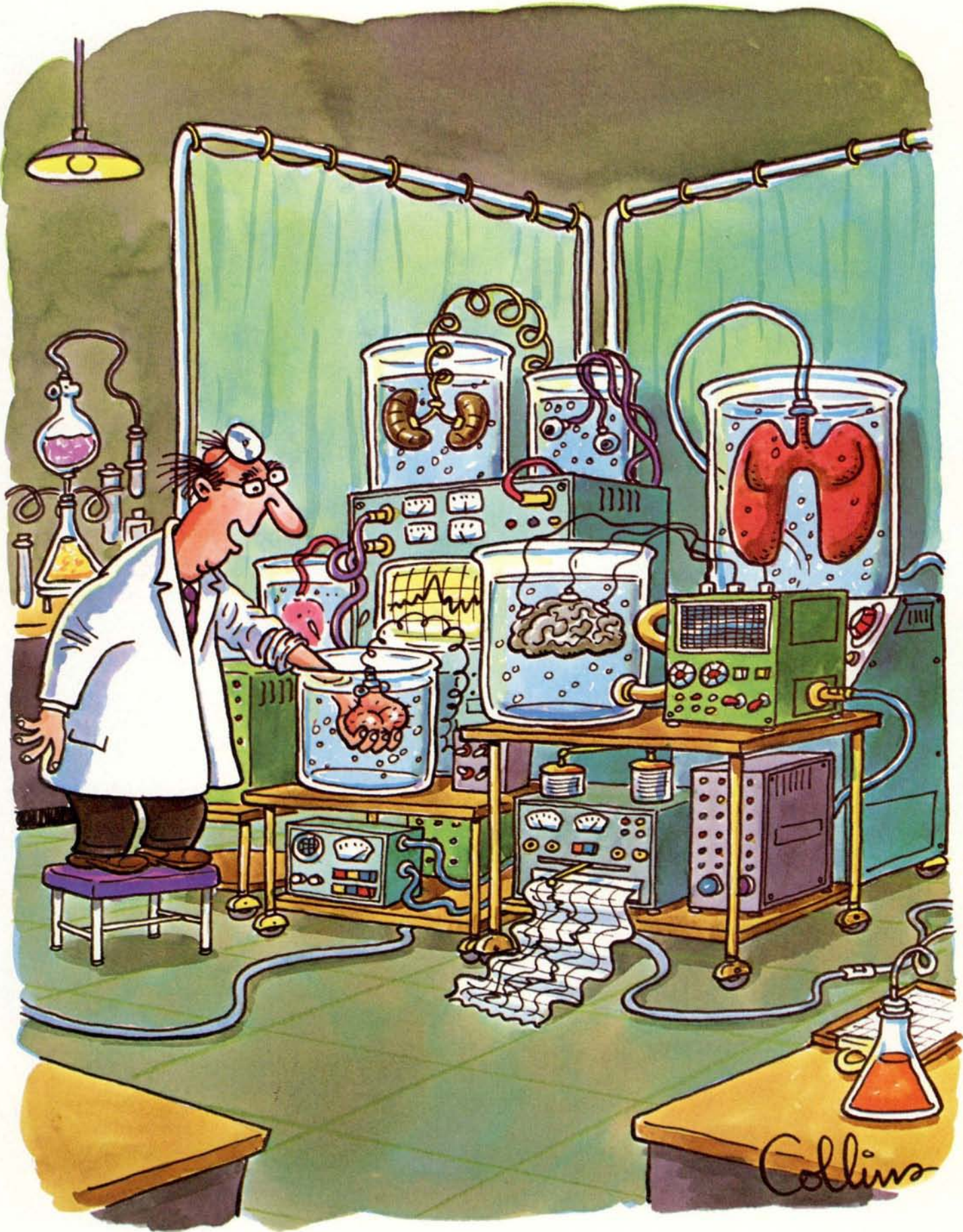
But America's victory in the Pacific also brought a special dividend, a body of captured Japanese research on a kind of weapon even more horrifying and inhumane than poison gas: germ warfare.

Mankind had been waging this horrible form of combat hundreds of years before the existence of germs was even known. In the 1300s, Tartar invaders captured the Crimean city of Caffa after catapulting the bodies of plague victims inside the city's walls. It wasn't uncommon for soldiers to poison well water by dropping the body of a man or a horse into the well. In the New World the British acted against Indian tribes by giving them blankets infested with smallpox. The Indians later retaliated by doing the same thing to the British.

This type of warfare has some big advantages. Germs are silent and invisible. You can kill off thousands, perhaps millions, of people before your enemy even knows he's under attack. Once he figures out what's happening, he can't pinpoint the source of attack. Meanwhile, he has to figure out what disease is killing his population. He then faces

(continued on page 128)





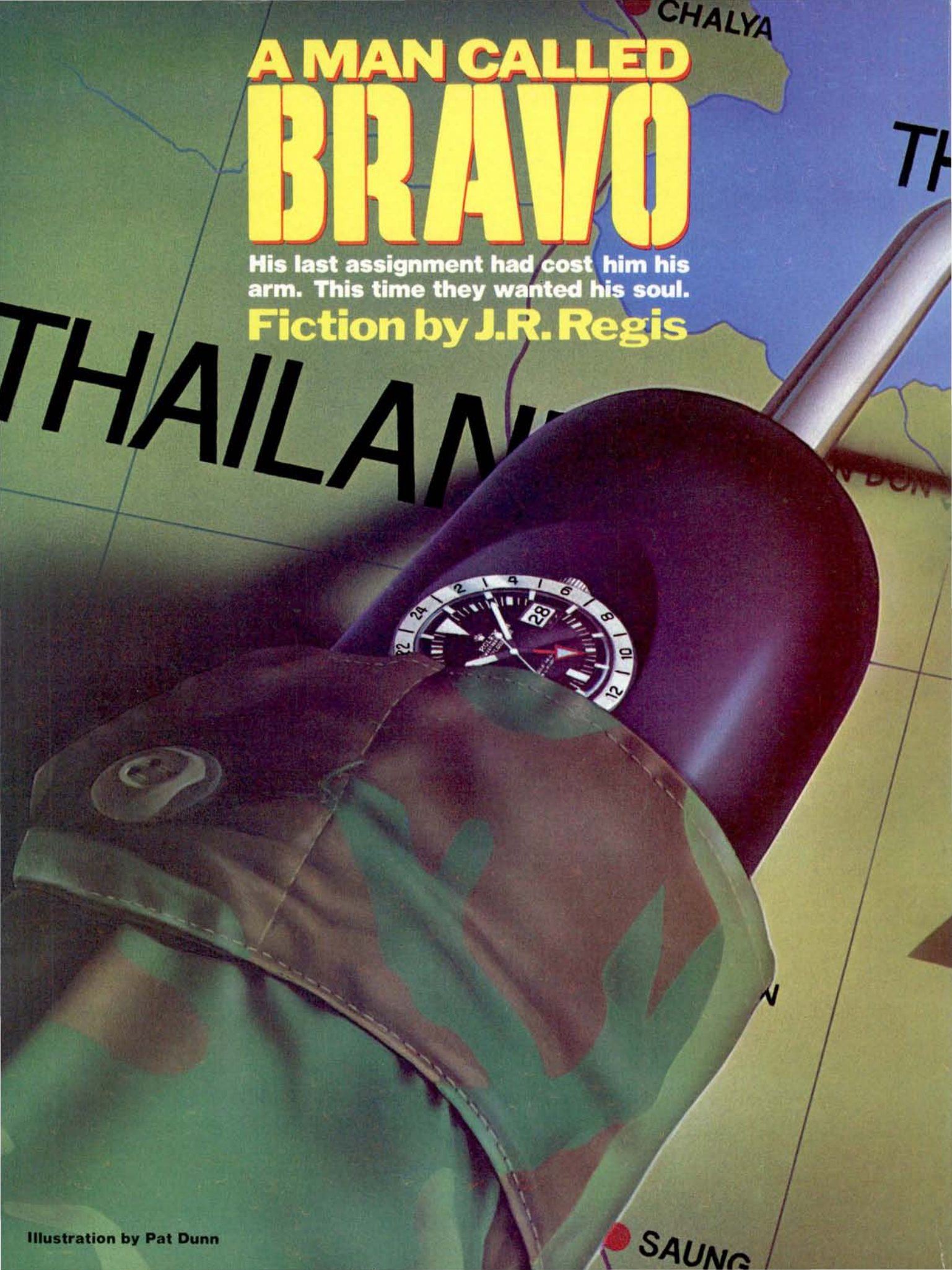
"Cough, please."

A MAN CALLED **BRAVO**

His last assignment had cost him his
arm. This time they wanted his soul.

Fiction by J.R. Regis

THAILAND



GULF OF MALAILAND

AO BAN DON



Illustration by Pat Dunn

Jake Bravo wiped the salty spray from his face and peered into the darkness. The sea was calm; a high overcast concealed the moon. He knelt at the bow of the rubber assault launch, looking back at the five men who sat in rigid silence behind him. Their faces were covered by black ski masks. Each was armed with an Uzi submachine gun, a 9mm automatic pistol and two clipped hand grenades.

Flanking Bravo's assault launch were four others, each carrying a five-man team, all identically armed. They were mercs—mercenaries—and the best fighting men money could buy: professional soldiers who sold their skills, their souls and, more often than not, their lives to the highest bidder.

Bravo checked his Rolex watch and stared off into the darkness again. He couldn't see the ship, but he knew it was out there: the SS *Trident*. The freighter's manifest listed its cargo as farm equipment. But Bravo's team—and the Irish Republican Army, which had hired them—knew the vessel's real load. The *Trident* was bound for Belfast with guns and explosives for the British troops occupying Northern Ireland.

Ordinarily, the IRA would have mounted an assault with its own men and weapons. But since the target was a good-sized ship that had to be taken on

the high seas in the dead of night, it wisely decided to rely on the talents of Jake Bravo and a team of former U.S. Navy commandos, all of whom had served together in Vietnam.

Only minutes remained before the telltale flash of an explosion would pinpoint the *Trident*'s location. Two pounds of *plastique* had been molded to its rudder by an IRA frogman while the ship was at anchor in Blackpool. Another IRA member was already aboard, masquerading as a maritime-communications specialist. It was his job to detonate the plastic explosive electronically, then destroy the ship's radio transmitter.

Bravo studied the illuminated dial on his watch. The handsome chronometer was one of the most expensive in the world, and as much a part of him as his untarnished reputation for being a smart and ruthless warrior.

Suddenly, a blast ripped through the freighter's stern, engulfing it in flames. By the time Bravo's launch pulled alongside a few minutes later, fire-alarm bells were shrieking as the *Trident*'s crew battled the spreading blaze.

Unnoticed by the crew in all the tumult, the mercs boarded the *Trident*. Bravo climbed over the rail, unslung his Uzi and crouched in the shadows. When the whole squad was aboard, the men moved quickly toward the bridge. Gun-

shots cracked from an upper deck, and the man next to Bravo fell, half his head gone. The leader's Uzi chattered, homing in on the muzzle flash of a British sharpshooter. Bravo heard a scream and saw a dark form topple over the railing and thud onto the deck below.

A burst of automatic fire came from his right, and he saw the Australian Mallory, his second-in-command, empty a magazine into the darkness above them. There was no return fire.

"Orroyt, Jake," Mallory said in his thick Australian twang. "The bridge is clear o' sharpshooters."

Bravo gave him a thumbs-up, and they scampered up the metal ladder to the deck above. Flashes of gunfire were spitting at them from inside the bridge's open portholes. Bravo and Mallory aimed the muzzles of their Uzis high and fired together, shattering the thick panes of glass that housed the ship's command center. Bullets whined and pinged viciously off metal as Bravo shouted at the exposed bridge. "Throw out your weapons," Bravo growled, "or the next burst will be dead center!"

There was a pause, then two automatic pistols flew out and clattered to the deck. "Don't shoot!" cried a voice from inside. "We're unarmed!"

Bravo shouted, "Come out with your hands behind your heads!"

Four officers, all in the uniform of the British Merchant Marine, came down from the bridge. "We got a bunch o' bleedin' admirals," Mallory laughed.

"Fire the flare!" Bravo snapped to one of his men. In seconds the *Trident* was bathed in brilliant white light. Because of the vessel's size and the necessity for radio silence, Bravo and his men had decided to use flares of various colors to communicate. The white flare told the others, who'd boarded the ship at widely separated points, that the bridge had been secured. Other flares soon followed, and erratic gunfire echoed through the freighter as Bravo watched for the final flare. Then he'd know the ship was theirs.

Phumph! A blue flare burst and glimmered high overhead. The *Trident* was now under the command of Jake Bravo.

"Fire's out," said Mallory, stepping onto the bridge and jerking his thumb toward the stern, where the last wisps of smoke were dying out.

"Casualties?" Bravo asked tersely.

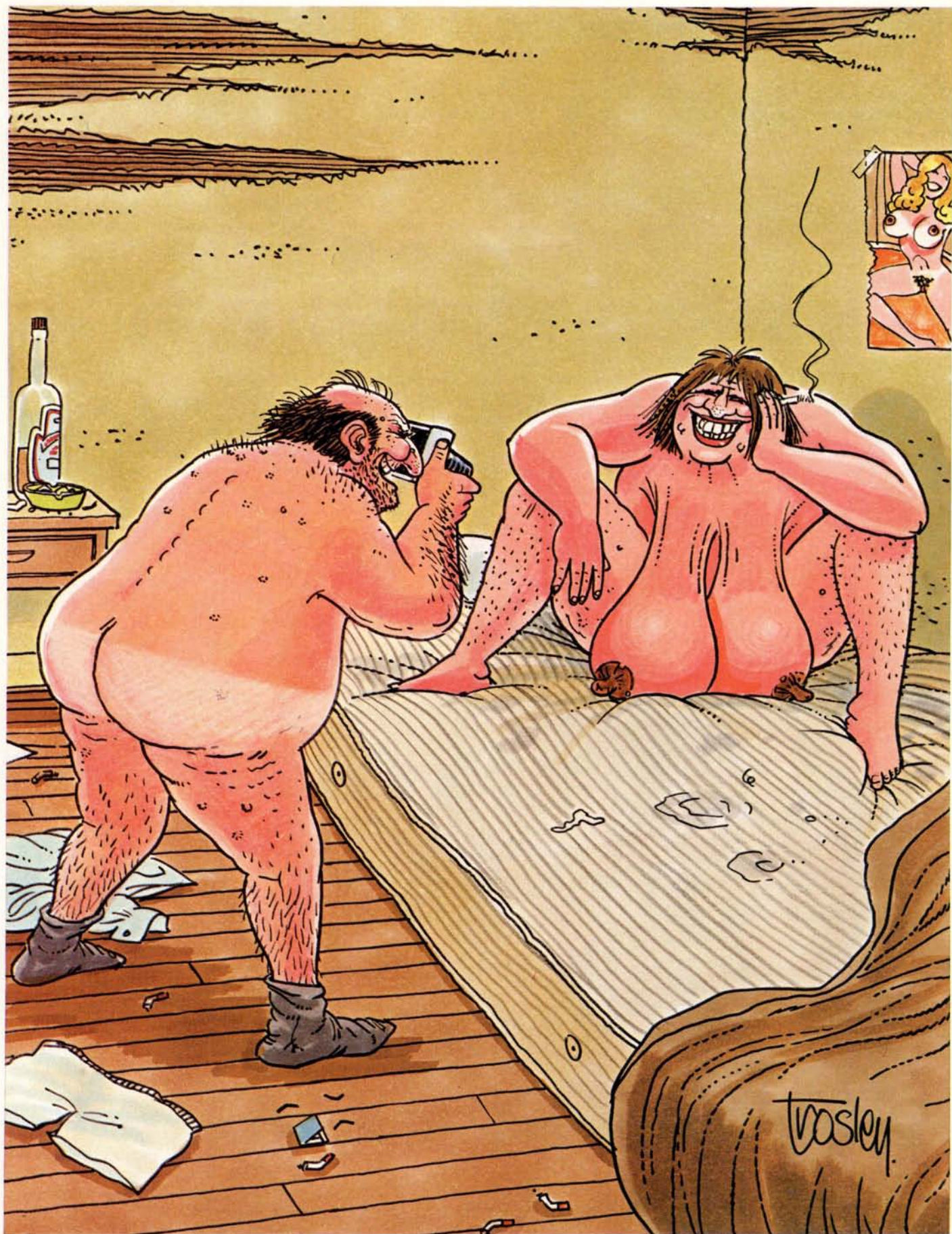
"Six croakers," said the Aussie. "Four marines and two o' ours."

Bravo looked at his Rolex. "Not bad," he said to Mallory. "We took her in just 20 minutes."

A beam of light sliced through the darkness and skimmed across the *Tri-*



"Careful, Son. Grandpa did that once and got hit by a truck."



"Okay, now, spread 'em!"

dent's decks. "Trawler's 'ere," said Mallory, moving to the hatchway. "We'd better start transferrin' the guns and ammo."

Back on the deck, Bravo turned to the merc who was guarding the four British officers. "Stay with 'em," he ordered and moved toward Mallory.

He saw it out of the corner of his eye: a sudden, swift movement as one of the four men on the deck lunged up and grabbed a grenade from the merc's belt. The mercenary cracked the butt of his Uzi across the man's skull, knocking him backward toward Bravo and Mallory. And in that single, unconscious moment the Brit's hand yanked the pin from the grenade.

Bravo moved instantly, shoving Mallory into a hatchway. The grenade exploded, spewing fire, smoke and shrapnel. The mercenary and the four Britons were consumed by the blast.

Something was terribly wrong. White-hot pain seared through Bravo's left arm. As the smoke cleared, the horror gradually came into focus. He stared at the mangled stump as it spurted blood in time to his beating heart. His left hand was gone!

"Son of a bitch!" Bravo muttered, plunging into unconsciousness.

The long months of recuperation had

been tough. But for Jake Bravo the toughest part was facing up to the fact that he was damaged goods. He winced at the ache where his left hand should have been. The doctors called them phantom pains—but the real pain was not at the end of his left arm. It was in his mind. And unless he got back into action and proved he was as good a soldier with one hand as he'd been with two, the pain would only worsen.

On a Caribbean beach a year after Bravo had lost his hand, the horrible memory flashed in his mind. He'd shoved Mallory out of the way a split second before the grenade had gone off. Perhaps if Mallory hadn't been there, blocking his escape...

Bravo couldn't blame Mallory. He'd saved the Aussie's life, and part of what made Bravo a respected officer was his concern for his men. Besides, Mallory had stayed with him, nursing him through some bad times and keeping him amused when he became depressed.

Scratching his radically swollen belly, Bravo looked at the unfinished watercolor on the easel before him. He was bewildered by the contrast in his own personality. For one thing, he was a skilled, professional soldier who coolly dealt in death and destruction. And he was a moderately gifted painter with a poet's eye for beauty and color. He en-

joyed painting, as it was a talent he'd inherited from his father. He often reflected on those long-ago times when he and his dad would pack up their brushes and head out for some quiet place where they'd paint and talk.

But those times had ended abruptly in 1950, when the North Koreans invaded the South, and Uncle Sam recalled Bravo's father into military service. Jake remembered the day the telegram arrived. It regretfully informed the family that the elder Bravo had died for his country at a place called Pork Chop Hill. To this day, Bravo missed his dad, and he often wondered if he had become a mercenary as a way to be closer to his father's memory.

He heard the sound of hard soles crunching on sand and turned to face a man he hadn't seen in 15 years. "Ned!" he shouted. "Ned Simpson! What the hell are you doing here?"

Simpson grinned and put out his hand to grasp Bravo's. "Looking for you, you old warhorse!"

With lightning speed Bravo's friendly hand balled into a hard fist and connected solidly with Simpson's jaw, knocking him on his back.

"I told you," Bravo laughed, "the next time I saw you I'd kick your ass!"

"But, Jake, that was 15 years ago!"

"I only lost my hand, Ned, not my memory."

"And you're about to lose some teeth," Simpson laughed, scrambling to his feet. He jabbed quickly with his left hand, then launched a roundhouse right that cracked hard across Bravo's cheek.

"So what are you doin' here?" Bravo huffed, ducking punches.

"Recruiting," Simpson replied.

"Since when's the CIA recruiting one-handed warriors?"

"You're the best, Jake. Always have been." Simpson feinted with his right and delivered a wicked left that opened a gash over Bravo's right eye. "I've known it ever since Nam."

"That was another time and another war," Bravo grunted, blocking one of Simpson's blows with his left stump. The two men had served together in military intelligence.

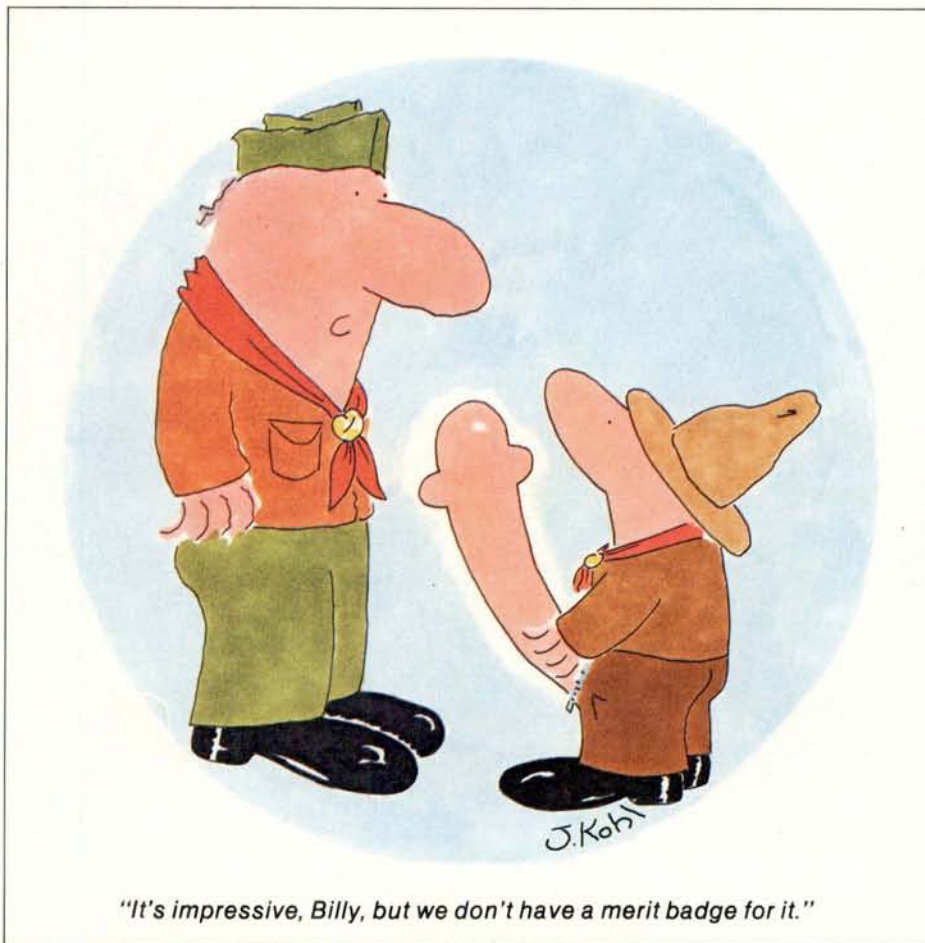
"Why'd you get out, Jake? The Company wanted you too."

"I'm a soldier, not a spy."

"We see our share of action," Simpson smiled as they continued sparring. "Just go to any James Bond movie."

"No, thanks! I haven't been to a movie since that Viet Cong bomb went off in Saigon."

"You saved my butt that night, Jake. If you hadn't pulled me out when you saw the *plastique*, I'd be a permanent part of Saigon's urban landscape. Cor-



"It's impressive, Billy, but we don't have a merit badge for it."

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Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

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Include separate sheet if necessary

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rection—it's called Ho Chi Minh City now, isn't it? Well, you can't win 'em all."

Bravo couldn't forget the incident. The two of them had just sat down in a Saigon theater when a GI next to Simpson had struck a match to light up a joint. In the flame's bright glow Jake noticed a puttylike wad with two red-and-green wires stuck to the back of the seat in front of Simpson. He'd rushed him up the aisle toward the exit, all the while shouting "Bomb!" to others in the darkened cinema. The two Americans and a handful of others had barely made it to the street when the blast blew the theater to shreds.

"I owe you one for getting me out of there," Simpson said, wiping a smear of blood from under his nose. "And I'm here to pay off... with a job. Uncle Sam wants you."

"For what?" Bravo asked.

"To run a small war for him."

It took four weeks of intense physical exercise for Bravo and Mallory to melt the beer guts from their bodies—a month of hard running across miles of white, sandy beach, and long swims out beyond the breakwater.

Both men were lean and conditioned when Bravo boarded a plane for Amsterdam. He had decided that a prosthetic hook should be fitted to his left arm.

"You can get a bloody 'ook in the States," Mallory protested.

"Not the kind I want," Bravo smiled. "Mine has to be different. For what I have in mind I need VanKessler."

"You clever bastard. VanKessler is a genius! He can make anything in the world with plastic."

When Bravo returned two weeks later, Mallory met him at the airport in Miami. As the two men shook hands, Mallory admired the Dutchman's handiwork: a gleaming chrome hook that protruded from a sleek black-plastic prosthesis, which disappeared into Bravo's left sleeve. "She's a beauty."

"She should be," Bravo retorted. "Cost me a fortune." Then he revealed another surprise. Where his left wrist should have been, a brand-new Rolex chronometer was fitted into the black plastic.

"Now you are complete!" the Aussie roared.

In a dimly lit, air-conditioned Bangkok hotel room, Ned Simpson lay naked on the cool sheets. He gazed at the lithe, exotic woman who emerged from the shower and drifted toward him. The delicate blend of her father's French blood, mixed with her mother's Vietnamese origins, only enhanced her beauty.

Usually, Simpson brought Tia into an operation, beginning with that first time

in Saigon, when he had recruited her to spy on the Viet Cong. She'd been Jake Bravo's girl then. But her love of country had overshadowed her love for Bravo, and she willingly dropped out of his life without a word.

Simpson had used Tia on several undercover assignments since the war, but this one was different: It had been she who contacted him. She had convinced him that when the job was done, they'd both be so secure financially that they'd never have to be apart again.

She stood before him now and gently traced her fingers over her breasts. Her cinnamon nipples hardened instantly. "I've missed you, Ned," she purred.

Ned's eyes followed her fingers as they brushed over her caramel-colored body and teased the dark forest of pubic hair between her thighs. "After this job we'll never be apart again, Tia."

She slid her fingers across the moist lips of her vagina, then raised them to her full, generous mouth and licked them, savoring the taste of her own femininity. "I pray that this is so," she said softly and lay down next to him.

"Jake's in with us," Simpson said, his body tensing under her touch. "He's in Miami, recruiting men."

"How is he?" Tia asked.

"Still tough." He groaned as Tia's tongue played with his left nipple.

"Does he know about me?" she queried, squeezing Simpson's rigid cock.

"No," he replied, emitting a sigh at her touch. "He still thinks you're dead and that I'm partly responsible. He damn near broke my jaw."

Tia traced her tongue down his belly. "Telling him I was dead was a cruel lie."

"Yes, but Jake loved you very much," Simpson said. "If he had known you were alive, he might have inadvertently jeopardized the whole operation by looking for you."

"He'll soon know you lied to him," Tia smiled, her tongue stroking the head of the American's pulsing penis. Then, without another word, she engulfed him, taking his hot, throbbing cock deep into her throat. Her head bobbed evenly as he lay there in ecstasy, her lips tight around his cock. She lashed his shaft wildly with her eager tongue while her fingers skillfully milked his erection.

Sensing that he was close to exploding in her mouth, Tia slowly removed his slick, pulsing cock and held it upright as she moved up and straddled his hips. She eased down on him, guiding his hard flesh into her hot, wet vagina. "Oh, Ned!" she groaned.

"I can't bear for you to leave me again," he said, his loins on fire. "How much more time do we have together?"

(continued on page 102)

Beaver Hunt

Government regulation may be ruining all our lives, but you don't need a license to hunt the kind of Beavers we're looking for. Just arm yourself with a camera and snap a color photo of the Beaver you love. If we love her too, and print her picture, she'll receive a check for \$50. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

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Photo by Rex Austin



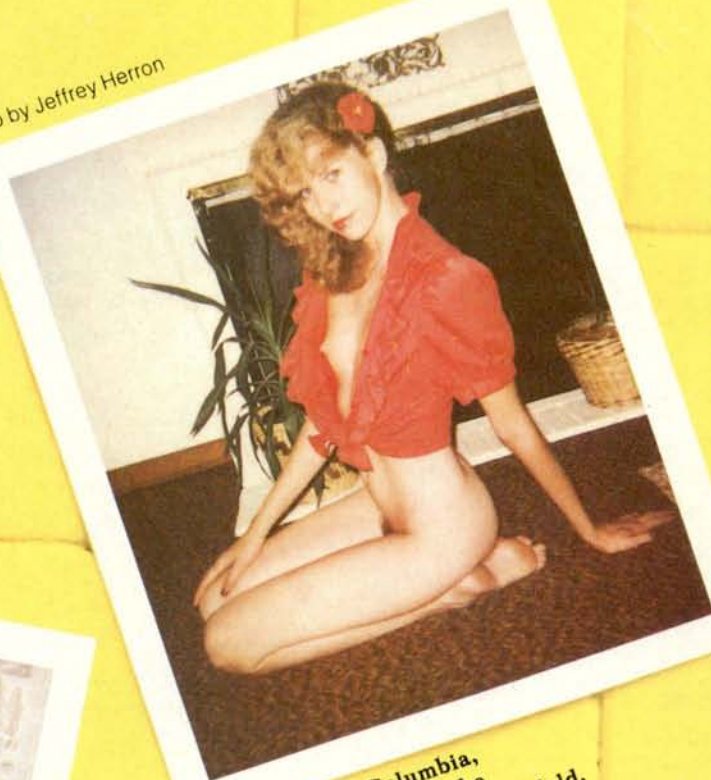
Tamara McGuire, 24, is a restaurant hostess from the Midwest. Her fantasy, to appear in *Beaver Hunt*, has now been fulfilled.

Photo by Jewel C. Keys



Della E. often fantasizes about being a model or an actress. This 19-year-old exotic dancer from Security, Colorado, enjoys dancing, swimming, tennis and sex.

Photo by Jeffrey Herron



Music and plants are the hobbies of Crickett Underwood, a 25-year-old lady from Chattanooga, Tennessee. She dreams of appearing in HUSTLER "just for my boyfriend."



Debra, 23, from Columbia, Kentucky, would like to be a HUSTLER covergirl or centerfold. Besides reading and painting, she fantasizes about "having my own private island so my husband and I can go nude all the time."

Photo by Husband



Twenty-eight-year-old Judy is a secretary who hails from Akron, Ohio. She says that she "plays tennis on and off" and that her sexual fantasies include "everything."

Photo by Curt Dean

Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-one-year-old Dawn, a homemaker from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, enjoys "discovering new ways to drain my husband." She would like "to make passionate love to him in front of all his old girlfriends" and to appear in a full HUSTLER layout.

Indianapolis, Indiana, is the home of 19-year-old Brenda, a part-time model and secretary who likes exercising. Brenda would love to be a HUSTLER centerfold or pose nude for a calendar.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Joey Oliver



Debi, 20, is a bartender and model from Cape Canaveral, Florida, who lifts weights and plays raquetball and the drums. She'd love to be in a HUSTLER layout and to make love with her boyfriend on a sandy beach.



Photo by Husband



"Sexy Susie," 24, is a bookkeeper who's stationed overseas in West Germany with her husband. Besides enjoying dancing, foosball and talking to new people, she wants to make love with her husband on a beach "all day and all night."



Music, football and partying are Kathy Strange's hobbies. This 22-year-old housewife from Houston, Texas, fantasizes about making love on a swing in a park.

Photo by Ex-lover



Cleveland, Wisconsin, is the home of "Strawberry," a 30-year-old teacher who enjoys watching men, disco dancing, writing poems and dreaming about "having a hot love affair with Lee Majors."

Photo by Joseph Nims

Photo by R. A.



Needlepoint, ceramics and giving head are the hobbies of 23-year-old Nora C. This housewife from Denver, Colorado, would love to "make it with another couple while my husband watches and participates."

Kinky sex with her husband every day would satisfy the sexual fantasies of Lorri G., 19. A salesclerk from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, she likes ballet and "fucking my husband."



Photo by Manny C

Photo by Dick



Portland, Oregon, is Lynn's home. This 30-year-old waitress enjoys fishing, hunting and camping, and fantasizes about "making it with my boyfriend in a two-person raft in the middle of a beautiful mountain lake."



A MAN CALLED BRAVO

(continued from page 96)

"I leave tomorrow," she whispered, her hips grinding hard against him as he squeezed her small, well-formed breasts. "By this time next month I'll be Dong Che's mistress. I'll learn everything we need to know."

Simpson thrust upward in rhythm with Tia's movements. "Fuck me!" she cried. "Fuck me hard!"

He enveloped her in his arms, pressing her breasts against his chest, and kissed her greedily. Her pelvis increased its tempo and pounded him deeper into her womb. They were in perfect harmony, racing toward orgasm.

"So good!" Tia shouted. "So good!"

"Oh, baby, I'm gonna come."

"Yes!" Tia urged, raising her head. "Fill me with your cum!"

They exploded together in a frenzy of joyous cries. His penis spewed hotly within her as Tia worked her vaginal muscles to milk him of every last drop. When at last they were content and satisfied, they lay in each other's arms.

Finally, Tia spoke. "Jake Bravo," she whispered. "Yes—perfect! Hand or no hand, he's the only one who's man enough to defeat Dong Che."

"May you bask in the glow of the

Radiant Spirit," said the young woman in a white, flowing robe. She offered a flower and a hollow smile, but Bravo could see that her eyes were as vacant as her smile.

"No, thanks," he said.

"A small contribution to the Church of the Radiant Spirit would do much to enhance your karma."

"Get lost!" Mallory growled at the girl. "We don't need any Brownie points for the next world."

The two men maneuvered through the shopping mall, heading for a sporting-goods store at the far end.

"Look at 'em all," Mallory groused. He gestured to the scattered young men and women, all wearing white robes and offering flowers to the passing crowd. "A bunch o' bleedin' zombies!"

Bravo nodded. "They're a sad lot."

"What makes 'em go along with it?" Mallory wondered aloud. "Church of the Radiant Spirit, my arse! It's nothin' but a bleedin' cult—and these kids are nothin' more 'n slaves."

"But, Mall, these kids are drawn to something, and so are we," Bravo said. "They worship peace and love. We worship war and killing. At least *we* do what we do by choice. These kids don't seem to *have* any choice."

He pointed his hook at the robed young people. "Look at their eyes.

There's no life in them. You'd think that after Jonestown somebody'd do something to stop it."

"Look," Mallory interrupted. "We're 'ere to see a man 'bout some guns. Let's not worry 'bout some drugged-out religious freaks."

But Bravo did worry about them. He didn't know why, exactly, but something about these poor, lost souls in white robes touched him deeply. And he cared about them. He'd tried analyzing it once, and the closest he had come to a possible answer was that they might have been the children he'd never have.

The two men found the sporting-goods store and went inside. The clerk recognized Bravo and jerked his head to a door at the rear of the store.

The two mercenaries disappeared into the back room, where their contact was waiting. Forty minutes later they concluded a deal to purchase enough weapons and ammunition for a small war—the one they were going to wage in Thailand.

Outside, Bravo looked at the young people in robes, soliciting contributions for the Church of the Radiant Spirit. "All we need now is a little luck—and a lot of good karma."

Half a world away, in a suite high atop the New Otani Hotel, Ned Simpson stared out at the smog-shrouded Tokyo skyline. Behind him two Oriental men, impeccably dressed in matching white suits, sat on a sofa, sipping tea.

"Our man will be ready to go in two weeks," Simpson informed them.

"Does he suspect anything?"

"No. He knows only what I've told him: that the Company wants to eliminate Dong Che's compound. And that because of the sensitive diplomatic relations between our government and Thailand, there must be no direct connection to the CIA."

"And he believes you?" the second Oriental asked.

"He has to," Simpson replied evenly. "He needs this job. And he's the best."

"You have done well, Mr. Simpson," said the second Oriental. "We are very pleased."

The thick Thai humidity was like a heavy woolen blanket. Breathing was an effort, and movement produced rivers of sweat. Nevertheless, Bravo's army marched on, pushing north along the Mekong River.

With the unlimited funds provided by Simpson, and the inside intelligence of his operative Tia, a duplicate of Dong Che's compound had been built deep in the Florida Everglades. Bravo's recruits had been thoroughly trained and tested

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there for the upcoming mission. Every man knew his job and the risks involved. Now, with the real stronghold only hours away, the odor of fear and adrenaline mingled with the scent of sweat.

"Three hours to target," Bravo said softly, checking his watch.

Simpson eyed the Rolex sunk into the plastic of Bravo's prosthesis. "That's some timepiece you've got there!"

"Yeah," Bravo frowned. "It's got everything a man like me could want."

"You sound disappointed."

"I was hoping for a Longines."

Simpson laughed. "When this is over, you'll have enough money to buy anything—and anyone—you want."

Mortar rounds rained down on Dong Che's compound from three strategic locations. Fire and smoke billowed into the night sky as the invaders stormed the stronghold. "Chew the bastards up!" Bravo shouted. He swung his Uzi in a wide arc, firing from the hip. Six of Dong Che's soldiers were cut in half as they emerged from their barracks.

The compound had been divided into three sectors; each of Bravo's 25-man platoons was responsible for a preselected area, and they went about their business ruthlessly and systematically. But now the element of surprise was over. Dong Che's soldiers were beginning to regroup and return fire.

Fortunately, the pre-assault training and strategy that had been engineered at the mock compound in the Everglades began to turn the tide of battle in favor of Bravo's army. In a matter of hours, Mallory's and Simpson's men were routing Dong Che's soldiers in the western and northern sectors.

In the eastern sector Bravo and his men converged on the headquarters building. Resistance was tough, but the momentum was Bravo's. Inch by inch, his platoon advanced on the well-fortified structure. But Dong Che's guards were making them earn it. Eight invaders had fallen so far.

Bravo spied a troop truck with a burning canopy and quickly formulated a plan. "Cover me!" he ordered and bolted for the truck. Instantly, a dozen Uzis opened up and poured thousands of rounds into the building. Bravo leaped into the cab of the truck and hot-wired the ignition. Return fire from the headquarters blew out the vehicle's windshield, showering him with glass.

Gripping the wheel with his hook, Bravo jammed the truck into gear and pressed down on the gas pedal. "Follow me in!" he shouted, aiming the truck at the building's front entrance.

The truck raced ahead, gathering
(continued on page 126)

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RIGHT NOW!!!

What happened to me three days ago was so wild that I had to tell someone. However, it was so personal that I couldn't even tell my friends, and so I'm writing to HUSTLER Magazine under an assumed name. This way I'm able to keep my confidentiality and still have the pleasure of telling my far-out story.

I'm a stock clerk for a lumber company. I work rotating shifts, meaning that within a week's period I work all three shifts: 7 to 3, 3 to 11, and 11 to 7 (the night shift). It just about drives me crazy. During the week, I don't get enough sleep, I can't remember my schedule, I don't know what day it is, and I don't have time for a sex life.

I'm single and live alone. So when I do have a day off and don't feel too tired or sleepy, I pick up hookers and bring them back to my apartment. I don't tell my friends about it, because I'm afraid they'll laugh and say I can't get a girl. But I personally don't mind picking up streetwalkers. To put it bluntly, it cuts down on the uncertainty of getting a piece of snatch, and I can avoid the unpredictable behavior of some women.

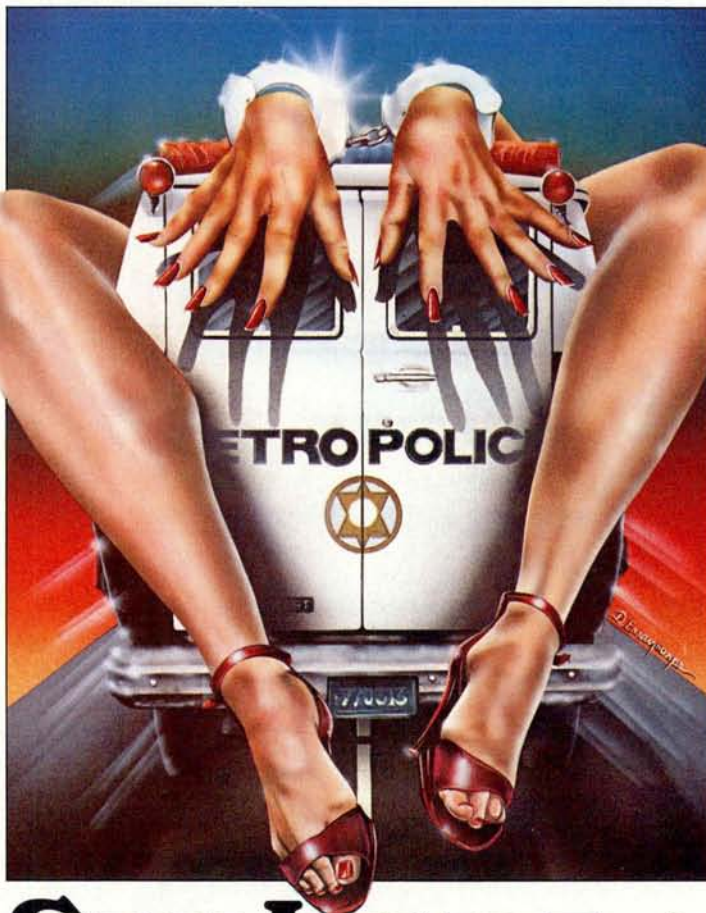
I also don't mind dropping 50 bucks on a sure cure for my blues. Hell, after four or five days of choking the chicken (and if you don't know what that means, forget it), I don't mind laying down some fast cash on the real deal.

Anyway, last Saturday afternoon I was driving home from work when I noticed one of the sweetest-looking hookers ever. She had long blond hair, extremely tight red-leather hot pants, a low-cut green-silk blouse, and huge breasts that were almost inside it. Her measurements had to be 42-24-37. And underneath all this she had a pair of long, sexy legs.

When I saw her standing on the corner, swinging her purse and chewing gum, I knew she was a hooker I had to have. So I stopped my car and asked if I could spend some money on her.

She flashed a big smile and told me, "Sure. That's what I'm here for."

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



SEX INSIDE A PADDY WAGON

by Arthur Brooks

I told her to get in the car, but she told me she couldn't. She only worked out of a hotel, and she wanted to take me there. (No, this wasn't a ripoff. Wait until you hear the rest of it.)

I gave in, parked my car around the corner and hurried back to her. She looked trustworthy; so I handed her \$50 and told her there was more where that came from if she treated me right. She put the money in her purse.

We proceeded to walk toward the hotel, but suddenly two vice-squad detectives stepped out of an alley, all wired up with earphones and electronic gear. They'd been eavesdropping on us through a hidden microphone set up at the corner, I learned later, though I

pretty much figured it out as soon as I saw them.

Well, they busted us both—Sparkle (the name she gave me) for soliciting, and me for being, I guess, a john. Anyway, a new law in my state subjects the john to arrest too. Soon a paddy wagon pulled up. Our hands were handcuffed behind our backs, and we were turned over to two uniformed cops driving the van, who put us in the back and locked the doors. Then they got into the front seat to take us to the station.

There was a weak overhead light in the vehicle but no windows. Sparkle sat on the bench on one side, and I sat on the bench across from her. I suppose I should have been depressed. But she just looked so damned sexy that I told her I had to have her. Next weekend for sure, I said.

But the hooker blew my mind when she answered, "Come get it!"

Well, she didn't have to say it twice. Hell, I'd paid. I stood up, walked over to her and fell down on my knees between her luscious thighs. Sparkle began to giggle as I tried desperately to pull down the zipper of her leather hot pants with my teeth.

She told me to put my bound hands in front of me. I didn't understand at first, but I guess she'd been busted a lot, because she quickly showed me how: by

slipping both hands under my buttocks, then under one leg at a time. Hell, what with the bumpy ride and my own hot pants for her, I almost didn't make it.

But I finally managed to get my hands in front of me without falling on my face. Then I slid Sparkle's hot pants down by her ankles, along with her panties. I knelt and lapped at her cunt like a thirsty coyote drinking water.

Sparkle giggled as my hungry tongue worked over her clit. The pussy juice flowed from her cunt like a waterfall. I reached up with my handcuffed arms and freed her enormous tits. Her nipples stood out like pink jelly beans. I began to suck them, and she started to moan softly. As I squeezed and sucked her tits,

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Sparkle was playing with her own pussy.

I stood up and pulled down my pants and shorts. My prick was harder than a two-by-four. As I watched Sparkle lie back along the bench and masturbate, I almost forgot that we were in a police paddy wagon. We'd turned it into a private whorehouse for two!

Resting with my elbows on each side of her cute little face and with her handcuffed arms around my neck, I managed to get into a fairly comfortable fucking position. In fact, once we were properly arranged along the bench, I fell into her soaking-wet cunt with ease. I thrust my cock into her like a stallion and fucked that beautiful whore as if there were no tomorrow. I didn't even mind that my elbows were getting chafed.

Sparkle held me tight, with her handcuffed arms and her legs wrapped around me, and whispered in my ear, "I love the feel of your dick in my pussy!"

Her words were music to my ears. We lay there together as she closed her eyes and rocked her body under me. It was all so exciting—me and a beautiful prostitute with our arms handcuffed, making love in the back of a moving paddy wagon!


I pumped my hips, pushing my tool into her juicy cunt. She was perfect, even with her rather large vagina. I humped into her, rotating and twisting with my hips while fucking her harder and harder. We both began to pant and groan as our bodies banged against the side of the paddy wagon and slammed upon the bench. We were fucking each other like wild wolves in a dark forest.

Then Sparkle told me to get up quick. I did just that, and sat upright on the bench at her feet; then she got up and sat on my lap facing away from me, guiding my cock between her legs. I suddenly realized that what I was inside of now was a whole lot tighter than what I'd been in before.

As Sparkle bounced up and down, she let out a loud scream: "Oooohhh!" I could tell that my cute little whore was having a real orgasm and that I was up to my balls in asshole. She bounced up and down on my tool several more times, and then I came like a volcano.

We pulled up our clothes, and the paddy wagon soon came to a stop. We spent the next several hours apart, in jail, before I could post our bond.

When we finally got out, Sparkle and I picked up my car, and she went home with me. Never mind the hotel—we'd been through too much together by then, as she put it. We made love all that Saturday night, but it didn't compare to the way we had fucked handcuffed in that paddy wagon.

I can't wait to get arrested again. 

Honey

WORKING OFF ALL THEIR HOLIDAY OVEREATING, HONEY AND THE GIRLS WORK OUT WITH THEIR FAVORITE EXERCISE PROGRAM — THE RICHARD SLIMMINS SHOW. BUT MICHELLE'S THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY...



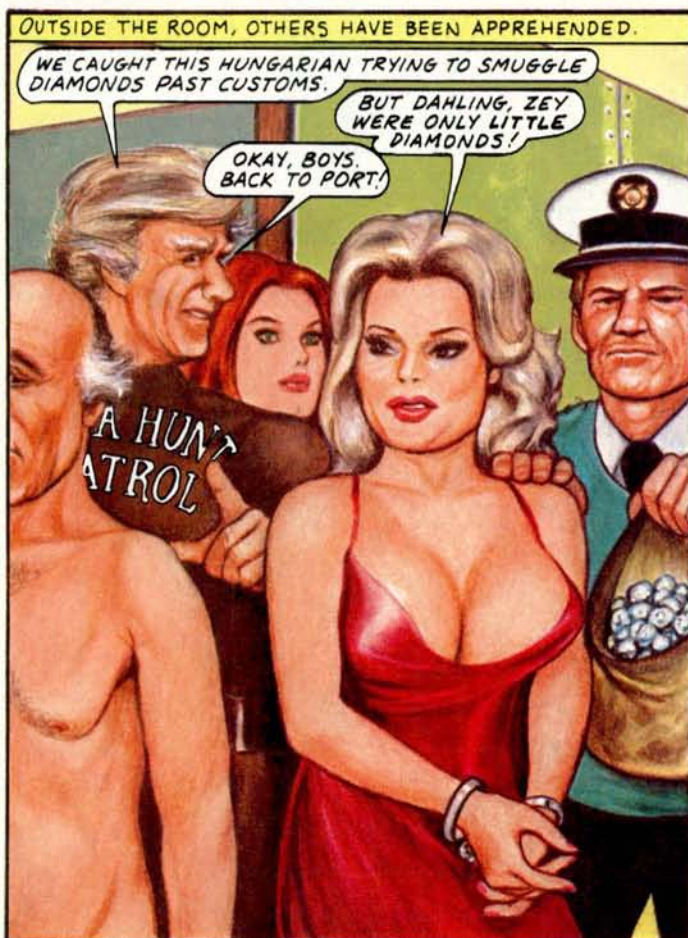
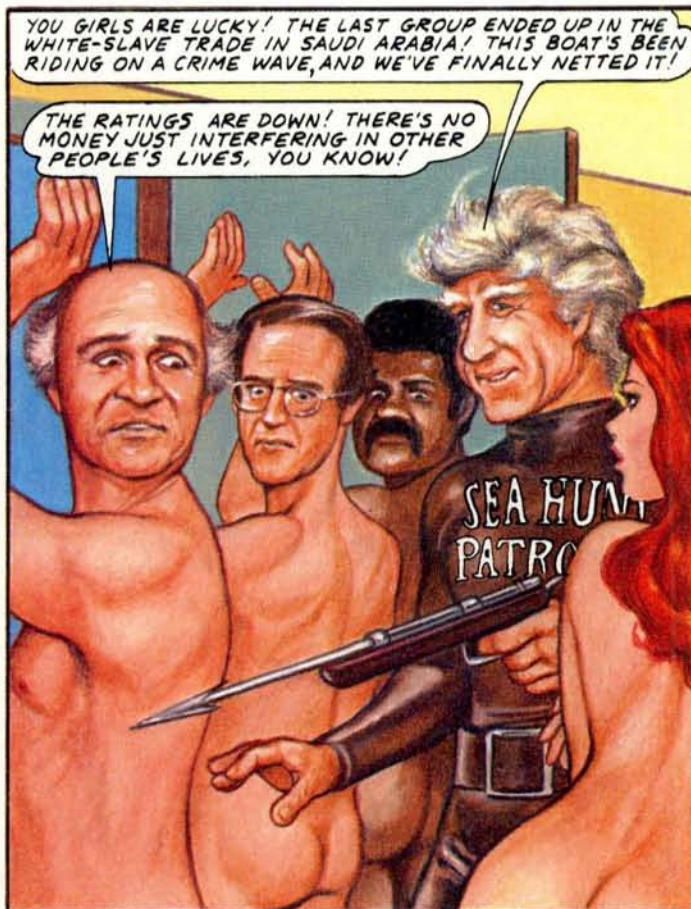
WHEN THE WORKOUT'S OVER, HONEY LOOKS AT THE "LOVE CRUISE" BROCHURE AND DECIDES TO HEAD FOR THE HIGH SEAS



THE DAY OF DEPARTURE ARRIVES.







This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

CANDY'S BACK

One of the hottest porno stars to ever bounce across the silver screen has returned to hard-core celluloid in fine fashion after nearly a decade layoff. Candy Samples, whose 44DD bustline was commonplace in countless skin magazines and films during the early 1970s, is baring her mountainous breasts again for porn lovers everywhere.

In a brand-new pair of loops, "Candy's Hot Interview" and "Sweet Dreams of Candy," the gracefully aging Samples (rumored to be pushing 50!) engages in some excitingly explicit, hard-core love-making, including a hot tit-fucking sequence in each reel.

The loops are available in regular 8mm or Super 8 for \$19.95 each. The combined films can also be purchased on Beta or VHS videocassettes for \$39.95. To get your piece of Candy, contact *Diverse Industries Inc.* (7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406). Enclose \$3 for postage, handling and guaranteed-delivery insurance.

EURO-PORN

If you're tired of the same old American-style porn, perhaps it's

time you took a look at the latest stuff from overseas. The *Schnucki* film line is a new series of hard-core loops directed and shot in Europe by top photographers using top models. An especially erotic pair of titles (these names are translated into English) are "Pussy" (#S-5, \$40), featuring two female inmates and a sex-starved prison investigator, and "18 Years Old" (#S-6, \$40), a wild reel that sports a dark-haired lady getting "mouth-fucked down to her tonsils." With a healthy 300 feet of action per reel, these loops are well worth the rather high price tag.

For a free catalog of all titles in the *Schnucki* series, contact P.G. Distributors (P.O. Box 396, North Olmsted, OH 44070). All films are in bright full-color and available in both regular 8mm and Super 8.

RUDE AWAKENING

Last night I dialed the number under the Sex Calls ad on page 124 of the September 1982 HUSTLER. I got a girl who, before even saying hello, asked if I had a Visa or MasterCard. When I said I didn't, she snapped back, "Then go to sleep!" and hung up on me. Since the ad doesn't mention the need for a credit card, what's with these people?

—J. M.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We gave *Sex Calls* (314-527-2470) a ring and got a similar "cold" response. After a moment, however, we managed to have a brief talk with a young lady who obviously wasn't thrilled with her job as a phone-sex operator. Though she couldn't tell us who hung up on our reader, she insisted that her company's policy prevents any of the girls from engaging in conversation with anyone who does not have a credit card. To be plain and simple: No card—no service.

When asked about the rude attitude to which our reader claimed he was subjected, the *Sex Calls* girl told us, "We get so many crank calls coming in to us every day and night, there's no time for chitchat. This is a tough business, and the freaks don't make it any easier."

The best way to avoid problems is to have your credit card out and ready when calling any telephone-sex operation. Virtually all phone-fantasy outfits deal exclusively in credit, since it's really the only way to ensure payment. If you don't have a credit card, you might find a company with a mail-order plan, but they are few and far between.

SWING ALONG

About three weeks ago I called Club Swinger after reading the ad on page 124 of the October 1982 HUSTLER. I got all the information I needed and was told a c.o.d. envelope would be sent to me within a week. When the envelope arrived, I immediately returned it with a check for \$23.75 for membership in the club and a subscription to its magazine. It's been three weeks now, and nothing's come in the mail.

—R. M.
Santa Cruz, California

We spoke to Roger Willis, director of *Club Swinger*, and he told us R. M. should have received his club magazine one week after he sent back his c.o.d. payment. According to Willis, something must have gone wrong in the mail, because the order was processed correctly—and on time. Without hesitation, Willis promised to send our reader a replacement copy of the magazine by *certified mail*, just to make sure it gets there this time. "We want to keep everything on the up-and-up at *Club Swinger*," he told us. "Each and every one of our members is important to us."

A private organization for individuals who seek relationships with others who share their specific interests, *Club Swinger* is made up of thousands of members from all over the United States and North America. The membership fee includes a five-year subscription to the club's magazine and a directory containing names, addresses and biographies of "swingers." The publication is updated monthly.

For further information about *Club Swinger*, call (618) 874-1000, or write: P.O. Box 525A, St. Louis, MO 63166. 🐾

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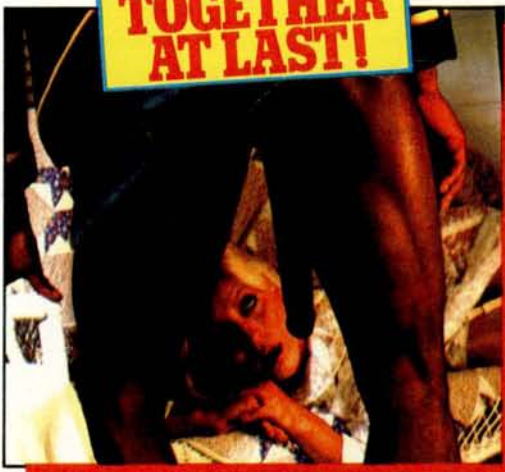
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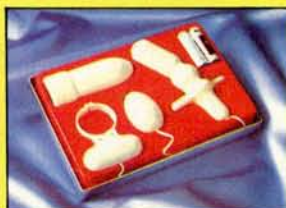
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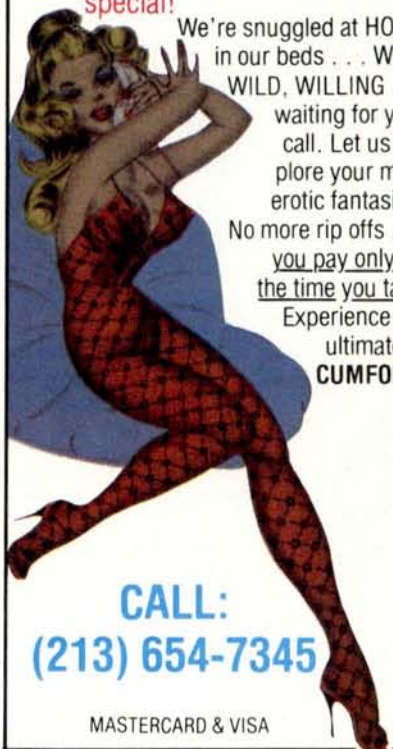
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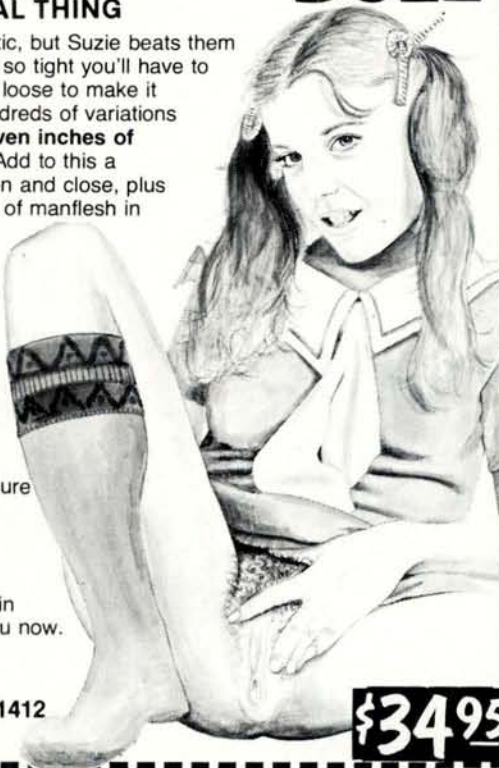
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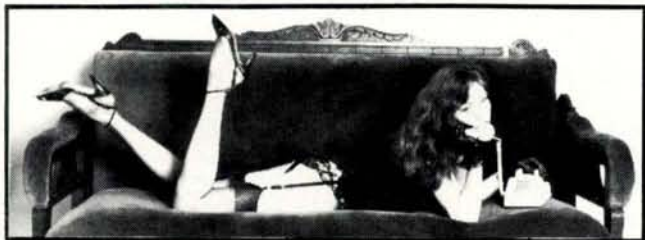
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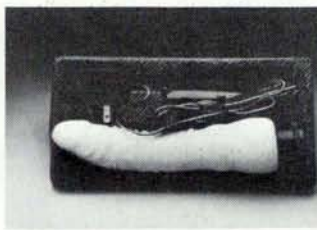
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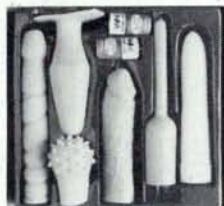
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A MAN CALLED BRAVO

(continued from page 104)

speed, and slammed through the barred wooden doors and into the headquarters. Bravo kicked open the door on the driver's side, jumped out and sprayed the room with machine-gun fire. Dong Che's soldiers erupted in geysers of blood as Bravo's Uzi chewed them to pieces. Immediately, his men swarmed in, their weapons blazing.

When the smoke cleared, the walls were painted a deep crimson, and the stink of death overpowered the smell of cordite. Bravo surveyed the slaughter and knew he'd never felt more alive.

There was movement to his right, and he swung around abruptly, ready to loose another burst from the Uzi. But his finger froze on the trigger as a heavy-set Oriental man in jungle fatigues came through the door, followed by a beautiful woman Bravo would have recognized anywhere—a woman he'd given up for dead long ago. She was holding a 9mm automatic to the man's head.

"Tia!" the mercenary gasped. He lowered his Uzi.

"Hello, Jake," she said with a cold smile. "I'd like you to meet Dong Che." With her free hand she shoved the fat man ahead of her into the room.

"For the past six months I've been

this pig's mistress," Tia snarled. "Six months of unspeakable depravity with this degenerate!" Without warning she pulled the trigger, and Dong Che's skull exploded in a fountain of blood and brain tissue. "Perhaps the Holy One can find it in his heart to forgive him," she said softly. "I cannot."

Bravo dispatched what was left of his platoon to regroup with the others and force the remainder of Dong Che's army to retreat to the south. When they were alone, Bravo and Tia went into Dong Che's office. "I thought you were dead," he confessed.

"I've never been more alive," Tia smiled. "Especially now that I've found the Holy One."

Suddenly, Simpson ushered Mallory into the office with an Uzi tucked in his ribs. "Drop your weapons, Jake."

Bravo jumped to his feet. "What the hell is this?!" he bellowed.

"Sit down!" Simpson ordered. "Or I'll kill Mallory."

"Kill 'em, Jake," Mallory snarled. "Don't worry 'bout me."

Simpson slammed the Uzi's muzzle hard into Mallory's kidneys, and the Aussie dropped to his knees in pain. At the same time, Tia aimed her automatic at Bravo's face and cocked the hammer.

"Is this your basic CIA double cross?" Bravo asked, dropping his weapons.

"Might've been," Simpson replied flippantly. "Except that this isn't Company business."

"But all that money!" Mallory cried. "Who but the bleedin' CIA could afford to mount an operation like this?"

"The Holy One," Tia said smugly. "Wot in 'ell do you want with this place anyway?!" Mallory demanded.

"Heroin," Simpson replied. "This is the Golden Triangle. Opium poppies are growing for miles all around us."

"The Holy One requires it," Tia added, "to increase his following. The poppies will be harvested and the processed heroin distributed free to the youth of the world. It is the first phase of a long-range plan. Already our lobbyists in Washington have the legislators considering a bill to legalize marijuana. Next will be the legalization of cocaine, then heroin."

"Once you've got the kids 'ooked on the 'ard stuff, what next?" Mallory asked.

"Phase two," Tia said calmly. "Mind control."

"You're out o' your bloody 'eads!" Mallory exploded.

"They said that about Hitler too," Bravo reminded him. "With people's brains dulled by legalized drugs, mind control is the next logical step."

"But who's behind all this?" Mallory demanded.

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"The Church of the Radiant Spirit," Simpson said. "Ever hear of it?"

"Yeah—I've seen their white-robed followers at airports and shopping centers," Bravo nodded. "It's a cult."

"It's *not* a cult!" Tia shouted, angrily waving her automatic at Bravo. "It's a religion—a sacred order! Hundreds of thousands of people all over the world are finding true contentment with the Holy One. I myself have been a devoted follower for years—and I hope to convert Ned soon." She smiled at her lover, then turned back to Bravo. "Today he helps us for the money, because it will enable Ned and me to be together with no financial cares. But soon he will share the faith of the Holy One."

"And who is the Holy One?" Bravo wanted to know.

"Nobody knows for sure," Simpson confessed. "All we really know is that he's an Oriental. Whoever he is, he's started a movement that brings in billions of dollars in donations every year."

"Too bad you won't be able to share in any of it," Bravo said, snaking his right arm out and grabbing Tia around the waist. It happened too fast for Simpson to react. Bravo drew the girl to him, clamping his hook around the wrist of her gun hand. Mallory moved instantly, yanking the automatic from her fingers and pointing it at Ned Simpson.

Shielded by Tia's body, Bravo faced Simpson's Uzi. "It's all over, old buddy," Bravo said quietly. He looked at Mallory. "How long have we been together, Mall?"

"Long enough," the Aussie grunted.

"Long enough to know that when I give an order, you'll follow it."

"Royt you are."

"I want you to get out of here," Bravo said softly, "and fire the crop. Put a torch to everything."

Mallory handed the automatic to his comrade and moved toward the door. "Orroyt—'n wot about you?"

"We're staying right here," Bravo told him, pointing the weapon at Simpson. "There's no place out there for me anymore. Not when I can be suckered by the likes of *him*."

"Wotcha gonna do, mate?"

"VanKessler," Bravo smiled.

"Oh, Jake—no!"

"Get out of here!" Bravo barked.

"You're the best, Jake," Mallory said before disappearing out the door.

"VanKessler?" Simpson asked.

"A plastic-explosives expert," Bravo noted. "He made this hook for me."

"Why, Jake?!" Simpson asked in mock astonishment, understanding instantly. "You didn't trust me?"

"Unfortunately, Ned, I did," Bravo replied. He paused. "Anyway—see this


part here?" He tapped the black plastic with the pistol. "As you seem to have guessed, this was made with about three pounds of *plastique*."

"Plastic explosive!" Tia cried, squirming to get away.

"Pretty clever," Simpson smiled.

Bravo moved his hand to the Rolex and touched the winding stem with his index finger. He thought of his father and of all the lost kids in white robes, and it somehow made his decision much easier. His father had died during the Korean War believing that what he was doing was necessary for his son's future. Now Jake Bravo was following in his footsteps, making the same sacrifice for a group of kids he'd never known.

"At the tone," Bravo smiled, "the time will be... up." He pressed the stem, and the entire building erupted in a cataclysmic explosion.

Outside, huddled on the ground behind a great tree, Mallory watched as the building vanished in a violent convulsion of smoke and flame. When the concussion had passed, the hardened warrior stood and snapped off a quick salute. "There'll never be another like ya, mate," he whispered. Then, as a single tear slid down his weathered cheek, the Australian picked up a flaming torch and strode off to carry out Jake Bravo's final order. 

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CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE

(continued from page 88)

the problem of finding an antidote.

The greatest difficulty with germ warfare is that diseases don't recognize national boundaries. And in Europe, a densely populated continent full of relatively small countries, this is an especially big disadvantage.

Perhaps that's why the Germans didn't use germ warfare during World War II. Neither did the Allies; but they thought about it. From 1942 to 1943 the British conducted germ-warfare experiments on Gruinard, an island off the northwest coast of Scotland.

The disease that British scientists studied was anthrax, a common affliction of sheep and cattle. Humans can get the disease by touching infected animals or animal products. Contracted in this way, anthrax is rarely fatal. Intestinal anthrax can also be contracted by eating the meat of an infected animal. This form of anthrax is usually not fatal.

A third variety—pulmonary anthrax—is caused by inhaling dust from animal skins. In a few hours a human victim will have difficulty breathing. He'll develop a choking cough and high fever. Ninety percent of these victims die soon after.

Besides its deadliness, anthrax has an-

other feature that makes it handy for germ warfare. When frozen, anthrax bacteria turn into nearly indestructible spores, capable of surviving an explosion caused by a bomb designed to spread the disease over a wide area. They can also lie dormant for years. Today, 40 years after the British began experiments on Gruinard, the island is still uninhabitable.

In 1944, when the British felt they had their backs to the wall, the Joint Planning Staff warned Churchill away from using poison gas. But these advisers had no such reservations about germ warfare.

Then why didn't the British use this awful weapon against Nazi Germany? They figured that a quarter-million such bombs would be required to do the job. The Joint Planning Staff reported—somewhat regretfully—that the necessary bombs couldn't be delivered until the middle of 1945. By that time, Germany had surrendered.

Japan, however, almost certainly *did* use germ warfare against China. There's conclusive evidence that Emperor Hirohito's air force began dropping plague bombs on the Chinese mainland in 1940. Four years earlier, at Japanese-occupied Pingfan, China, Major Shiro Ishii established the world's first large-scale germ-warfare installation.

The Pingfan operation rivaled anything in Nazi Germany for sheer inhumanity. In defiance of every international law, the Japanese used POWs as guinea pigs, infecting them with a number of diseases. Sometimes the sadistic Japanese "researchers" allowed these ailments to run their course. On other occasions they would kill an infected prisoner after a specified number of days and dissect the corpse to determine the progress of his disease.

When the war ended, Ishii—by then a general—was one of the first Japanese officers sought by U.S. intelligence. Eventually, the U.S. government and Japan made a deal that was kept secret for 30 years. In return for detailed information about the Japanese biological-warfare program, Ishii and his associates were granted immunity from war-crime charges that would have sent them to the gallows.

Since World War II, America has conducted some very strange chemical and biological experiments, including—astonishingly enough—several on our own people. In 1950 San Francisco was "attacked" by harmless bacteria. Sixteen years later bacteria were scattered throughout New York City's subway system—proving that population centers would be defenseless against a germ attack.

Realizing it's not necessary to kill an enemy directly to cripple his warmaking capacity, the United States also pioneered the development of anticrop agents calculated to destroy an opponent's food supply.

At the same time, antipersonnel-germ research proceeded full speed ahead. We concentrated on four diseases: anthrax; tularemia (rabbit fever), which is seldom fatal but produces chills, fever and weakness lasting up to three weeks; brucellosis (undulant fever), also seldom fatal; and psittacosis (parrot fever), which causes a typhoidlike fever that can develop into pneumonia.

American scientists also looked into the possibility of using insects to spread disease. An organism that spreads a disease is called a vector. We successfully experimented with fleas as plague vectors and mosquitoes as yellow-fever vectors. On a battlefield, of course, a mosquito might not know he's expected to bite only the enemy.

Across the Atlantic, England discovered a powerful nerve agent—VX—whose process was turned over to the U.S. under the terms of a weapons-sharing agreement. By the mid-1960s we had all kinds of weapons filled with the stuff.

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shot that would magically sap our enemies' will to fight was a major priority. For our experiments with such drugs to be valid, we had to see how people would behave when they didn't know they'd been drugged.

The CIA volunteered to solve the problem. In 1953 a CIA agent set up a "party house"—an apartment in New York City's Greenwich Village. He then enlisted a "whore corps" of prostitutes who were to lure men back to the apartment, where these unwitting "volunteers" were given drinks spiked with concentrated cannabis (marijuana) and LSD. CIA operatives watched the fun from behind two-way mirrors.

In other bizarre experiments a doctor kept seven men stoned on LSD for 77 days, and a civilian chemist—Frank Olson—was made so deranged that he committed suicide. The agency covered up his death for 22 years. When his wife and family finally determined its cause, they sued the CIA and collected.

To deflect the widespread public disapproval of germ and poison-gas experiments, the government designed a propaganda campaign aimed at teaching Americans to think of CBW as a humane form of warfare. After all, the reasoning went, it didn't necessarily kill people; sometimes it just put them out of action.

The Feds planted articles in the press, quoting "experts" who said such things as, "Man is now confronted by the possibility that he can eliminate death from war."

Another "expert" offered: "Ideally, we'd like something we could spray out of a small atomizer that would cause the enemy to come to our lines with his hands behind his back, whistling 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' I don't think we'll achieve that effect, but we may come close."

Fortunately, the American public was far too sensible to swallow such a tissue of lies. Washington abandoned its PR campaign and went back to its traditional approach—secrecy—the same way the Soviets were conducting their CBW experiments. By so doing, the USSR had built up a formidable arsenal of killer chemicals.

The West has had only a few opportunities to observe Soviet CBW technology firsthand. One came in 1957, when Captain Nikolai Khokhlov—a Soviet KGB (secret police) agent who'd defected—fell violently ill in West Germany. He barely recovered, but his symptoms left doctors at a loss. Long afterward, American experts determined that he had been poisoned by highly radioactive metal fragments that someone (doubtless the KGB) had slipped into his food.

Then, in 1978, two exiled Bulgarian writers living in the Free World fell ill with raging fevers. The first died in London. An autopsy revealed a metal pellet the size of a pinhead buried in the victim's thigh. The pellet had four holes bored through it.

Scotland Yard contacted Paris, where the other exiled Bulgarian had recovered. An X-ray revealed a similar pellet in his back. Police scientists called in British CBW experts, who discovered that the pellets contained Ricin, an extremely lethal poison. Evidence suggests that Bulgarian secret police (trained and equipped by the KGB) had shot the two writers with the tiny, deadly objects. Apparently, the Bulgarian agent in Paris had failed to load enough poison into his pellet.

* * *

With all this poison, chemical and germ experimentation going on, you might logically wonder what would happen if somebody had an accident. Suppose a lab technician dropped a flask full of bubonic plague. What if a canister of nerve gas sprung a silent leak?

The answer is that *such accidents have already happened*. You might not have heard about them, since the governments involved aren't anxious for any publicity. But CBW mishaps occur all the time.

★ The U.S. stores a great many Weteye bombs full of GB nerve gas in the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, located outside Denver. Since World War II the Pentagon admits to 955 Weteye leaks. A drop of GB the size of a freckle is enough to kill a man—after first making him slobber, twitch, convulse, and shit in his pants. The GB we have stored near Denver is enough to kill everybody in Colorado and most nearby states.

★ In 1968, 6,300 sheep died near Skull Valley, Utah, about 30 miles from the Army's Dugway Proving Ground. Angry sheep ranchers suspected some connection, but the Army denied everything until a year later, when the ranchers found out what had happened.

On the day the sheep began to die, an aircraft flew out of Dugway to spray VX nerve gas as part of a test. At the end of a particular run, one of the plane's spray valves failed to close. A cloud of VX was accidentally released, killing everything in its path. Fortunately, the only things in its path were sheep.

★ In 1969, 25 Americans were hospitalized after a nerve-gas leak at a U.S. base on Okinawa. It seems that we'd stored poisons in several hundred concrete "igloos" on the Pacific island, where they'd been tested on herds of goats. Okinawans and Japanese, who knew nothing about the testing, were

appalled. They asked the U.S. Army if the fact that 200 children suffered skin burns after swimming near the 137th Ordnance Company's Okinawa base could have had anything to do with the nerve gas. Following much Japanese outcry, we agreed to remove the nerve gas to Johnston Island, 700 miles south-east of Hawaii.

☆ Also in 1969, several congressmen protested the Army's plan to ship 27,000 tons of nerve gas by rail from the Rocky Mountain and Edgewood (Maryland) arsenals to the Naval Ammunition Depot at Earle, New Jersey. The congressmen figured their constituents wouldn't want trains full of nerve gas passing through their backyards.

Once the gas arrived at the Naval Ammunition Depot, the plan was to load it onto ships and sink it 250 miles at sea. It's worth noting that Earle is 20 miles from New York City—less than the distance between Dugway Proving Ground and the sheep death site at Skull Valley, Utah.

The reason the gas was to be shipped and sunk in the first place was that the Army had previously been burying some of it in a 12,045-foot "deep well" dug at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. Seismologists had noticed an unusual number of earth tremors in the Denver area—where earthquakes usually don't occur. They'd blamed the tremors on the removal of millions of tons of earth to make way for the well. After a lot of controversy the Army finally decided to burn the nerve gas off.

☆ In 1979 about a thousand people died of anthrax during an epidemic in and around the Russian city of Sverdlovsk. The official Soviet explanation for the cause of the epidemic was tainted meat. This is unlikely. In the south end of Sverdlovsk, a city of 1.2 million people, is Military Compound 19, which U.S. intelligence suspects was a germ-warfare installation. The most probable cause of the epidemic? An explosion at Military Compound 19.

Obviously, CBW isn't just an inhumane battlefield weapon. It's frighteningly dangerous to the civilian populations of the countries that make and store chemical and germ weapons. But should we really be worried? After all, everyone seems to agree that these weapons are too horrible to be used. Even a madman like Hitler didn't use gas or germs in the greatest war in history. Would anyone be crazy enough to use them in combat today?

Unfortunately, the answer is yes. CBW has been used at least four times since World War II.

1) During the civil war in the small

Arabian nation of Yemen (1963-67), republican troops dropped gas bombs on the royalist army—and on civilians. Survivors described sweet-smelling clouds that caused nosebleeds, vomiting, foaming at the mouth, and death between one and 24 hours later. The gas bombs were made in the USSR and supplied by Egypt.

2) The United States used CS tear gas ("pepper fog") to drive enemy troops from their emplacements in Vietnam. Once in the open, the troops were vulnerable to high explosives dropped from B-52 bombers. We didn't consider tear gas to be *real* gas warfare. After all, weren't we using it on our own college students back home?

Another form of chemical warfare in Vietnam proved to be far more lethal. U.S. helicopters sprayed millions of gallons of Agent Orange on the dense Vietnamese jungle, hoping the defoliant would remove the natural cover used by the Viet Cong. Agent Orange was touted as being harmless to human beings. But by 1981 five manufacturers of Agent Orange were being sued by 17,000 American vets (and almost 6,000 Australians, New Zealanders and Koreans) for various miseries caused by the crop killer. Of the children fathered by men exposed to Agent Orange, 40,000 are said to suffer from birth defects.

3) In 1979 China invaded Vietnam to "punish" that country for its invasion of Cambodia. (Vietnam is a Soviet satellite; Cambodia was a Chinese satellite.) The Vietnamese used gas against China—just as they'd used it five years before in Laos. There, they'd employed it against Hmong tribesmen who'd been U.S. allies during the Vietnam War. The quick-acting gas used by the Vietnamese was obviously produced in the Soviet Union.

4) Each Russian division that invaded Afghanistan during 1979 and 1980 carried portable decontamination chambers. Soon refugees appeared in Pakistan with horror stories of Soviet gas attacks. The symptoms were those described in Laos, Vietnam and—years earlier—in Yemen: vomiting, defecation, convulsions and internal bleeding.

Western authorities were worried. No known gas produced bleeding of the kind that was being reported in Afghanistan. Apparently, the Soviet Union had invented an entirely new terror weapon—one we could neither identify nor defend against.

U.S. intelligence finally obtained from Cambodia a telltale plant leaf that was covered by a white mold. The leaf proved to contain three unusual poisons that came from a deadly fungus which grows naturally nowhere in Cambodia

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or Vietnam. They were present on the leaf in a concentration at least 20 times as strong as any found in nature.

These poisons are products of a group of fungi known as *fusaria*, which have been regarded as killers throughout much of human history. The fungi grow on grain that has been frozen and thawed. Starving peasants would bake bread from the grain, eat it, and die an excruciating death. Scientists call these fungal poisons T₂. Most previous human deaths from T₂ poisoning have occurred in the Soviet Union.

It became clear that the Soviets had found a way to manufacture T₂ and that this was the mystery weapon used in Yemen, Laos, Vietnam and Afghanistan. On September 13, 1981, then-Secretary of State Alexander Haig formally accused the USSR of using (or providing the Vietnamese with) poison gas. The Soviets called Haig's charges "libelous and groundless," which is not the same as a denial.

While a United Nations investigation of the accusations plods along, the U.S. continues to develop its latest CBW wrinkle—binary weapons that contain two chemicals, neither one deadly by itself. When the device is fired or launched, the two chemicals are brought together inside the warhead or shell, and they combine to form a deadly gas.

A billion dollars will be spent in each of the next two years to turn out new binary artillery shells. We're also thinking about putting chemical warheads on cruise missiles, adding the new stuff to the 40,000 tons of deadly chemicals already in inventory.

Our government's official policy to pursue the development of these inhumane weapons marks an abrupt about-face from what we've been saying for the past 13 years. Back in 1969 President Richard M. Nixon called a halt to U.S. CBW research. He also said we'd scrap all of our remaining stocks of germs and gas. He obviously expected the Soviet Union to reciprocate. But the Russians have kept right on producing chemical and germ weapons.

So long as the United States and the USSR never come to a direct confrontation, mankind has a fighting chance. But let's suppose they do. Think back to the terrifying and completely plausible scenario at the beginning of this article—an illustration of the ultimate danger of CBW. Poison gas and germ warfare are sufficiently nightmarish in themselves. But they could also very easily trigger the final nuclear holocaust.

If we don't put an end to the CBW arms race, it may put an end to the human race. The choice seems clear.

VERNON BELLECOURT

(continued from page 56)

HUSTLER: Do law-enforcement agencies try to infiltrate your organization?

BELLECOURT: In the early '70s we were targets for infiltration programs of the FBI and CIA. The language of those programs was the same: to disrupt, discredit, misdirect and neutralize the leadership of the American Indian Movement. They see us as a threat to the supremacy of the people in power. The government now tells us that those programs ended in the '70s, but we know they're still going on. They've just taken on a more-devious sophistication.

HUSTLER: Do Indians feel a kinship with other minorities?

BELLECOURT: We feel a strong kinship with all genuine liberation movements throughout the world. We feel a strong kinship with the native peoples of Guatemala, where 30,000 Indians have been massacred in the last year. Surprisingly, our government is now considering renewing military aid to that country. We feel a strong kinship with the native peoples of El Salvador, where perhaps more than 30,000 have been massacred. Also in Chile, where the Mapuchi Indians have been crushed by a U.S.-engineered coup. And in Bolivia, Ecuador, Nicaragua—wherever native peoples are suffering throughout the Americas. But we also feel a strong kinship with the oppressed blacks in this country, and with Hispanics, with whom we share a common heritage.

HUSTLER: Do you foresee a widespread uprising in the Third World, a sort of joining of the hands of oppressed peoples?

BELLECOURT: I think there is a very powerful upheaval beginning to take place. We can see it in the black struggle in South Africa. We can see it in Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua. We can see it in the Islamic revolution, in the Kurds of Afghanistan. This is happening because we all see the reality—if we fail in this struggle, we will be destroyed.

HUSTLER: Do you anticipate a single leader emerging, someone who can really unify the Indian people?

BELLECOURT: The American government and the press have always tried to single out one of us as a leader. There's a danger in that sort of thing, because it seems whenever they create those kinds of leaders—Tecumseh, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Geronimo—they almost immediately become subjects for persecution. Many times they end up being assassinated. So I doubt that one specific Messiah will surface. If he did, you can be sure he'd eventually be killed.

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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 33)

tional fallout from incest usually shows up in nonverbal ways. Some signs, such as reddened, cut or bruised sexual organs, aren't obvious to casual observers. And even most parents may not understand the true meaning of changes in sleeping habits, loss of appetite, bed-wetting or hyperactivity—all possible signs of incest.

It isn't unusual for sexually abused kids to become physically ill. Each time the molestation is repeated, the child builds up more anxiety, thus severely weakening the body's disease defenses.

By far the most obvious signs of incest taking place can be identified in the daughter. Besides depression and withdrawal, there may be a blurring of generational lines—a child is treated like an adult, and the parent behaves like a child. Secretiveness is another signal to watch for. Because the father repeatedly warns the daughter not to divulge their "secrets," she will often become secretive in other aspects of her life as well.

Physical indications of incest—such as genital infections, bleeding and abrasions—can also be evident. Certain incest victims may experience bed-wetting—which is actually a sign of tension. Some develop excessively seductive behavior as a result of their premature introduction to sex.

Once children have been sexually stimulated by an adult, they can develop a high degree of curiosity about sex and sometimes begin to act seductively. Barbara, an incest victim cited in *The Broken Taboo*, was a nine-year-old who began playing sex games with other kids shortly after her airline-mechanic father started masturbating her. Some children react by compulsively masturbating or exposing themselves once an incestuous relationship has begun.

Of course, it's necessary to distinguish between sexual child abuse—in which the child is forced to engage in sex—and "voluntary" incest, in which both parties initiate sex of their own free will. This latter type is most common among maturing brothers and sisters. One cue to watch for in this kind of incest is the brother and sister actually acting as boyfriend and girlfriend in everyday life.

Experts adamantly brand as false the notion that young children initiate sex with parents on their own. When a ten-year-old girl jumps on her dad's lap to show him her report card, she certainly isn't giving him an invitation to have sex with her. Incredibly, many incestuous parents try to justify their actions by blaming preteen children.

Dr. Giarretto warns that you can't be

a good parent to a child and have an incestuous relationship at the same time. Once a father whispers to his daughter, "Don't tell anybody," he has split the entire family apart; he's driven a wedge between the mother and the daughter, and between other siblings as well.


What kind of a father has sex with his own children? Because studies show that incest cuts across class lines, it is entirely wrong to point a finger at lower-income men. *Broken Taboo* authors Blair and Rita Justice report that the father often is in his late 30s, has some college education, has been married about ten years and has a skilled job or profession. Generally he has a daughter who is close to puberty.

"He feels like a loser and thinks he can't form relationships with adult women," explains Dr. Giarretto. In fact, the "loser" description is a lot more accurate for incestuous fathers than the alcoholic or strict-disciplinarian stereotypes commonly associated with incest.

Childish behavior on a father's part, as mentioned earlier, can be a tip-off that his relationship with his daughter is more than that of parent and child. Sometimes he might act like a teenager and seduce his child with romantic gestures as if he were her boyfriend; he might also act impulsively and sometimes violently, either from anger or jealousy. Spending large amounts of time alone with a daughter and openly treating her as his favorite can also be signals to watch for.

Many incest victims feel responsible for their parents' marriages and for keeping the entire family together to the point that they act like parents while their parents act like children. Some daughters effectively run the house at the age of ten or 11, becoming the "little woman" in the family. All of this can be a scenario for incest.

Dr. Giarretto also notes that the overwhelming majority of reported incest cases involve daughters. But those rare occasions of father-son incest can be doubly devastating to the child because two taboos are being broken—the one against incest and the one against homosexuality, which still exists in most people's minds.

HUSTLER urges the prompt reporting of suspected incest cases to child protective services and to local police. Insists Dr. Giarretto, "The best prevention is to get to these families now. Intervention and treatment are important because sexually abused children will grow up to raise sexually abused children. We've got to give these kids a chance to grow up normally. Otherwise, they won't have the attitudes and skills they need to be good parents." 

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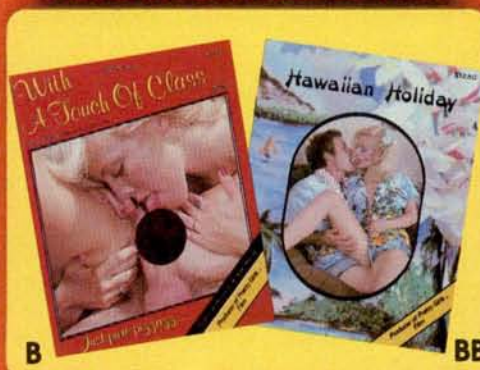
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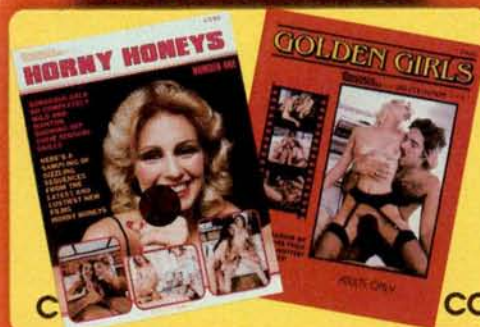
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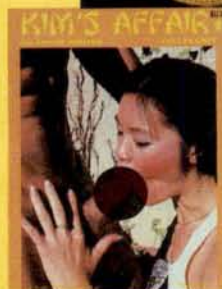
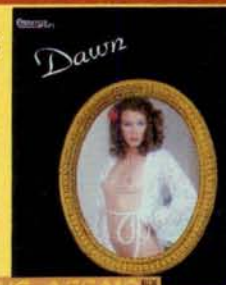
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THE YANKEE TYRANT—George Steinbrenner has been called a liar, a bully and a coward by sportswriters and ballplayers who know him well. He's also a baseball-club owner whose team's success over the past decade is indisputable. Ben Pesta's engrossing profile explores the life and legend of George M. Steinbrenner III—the tyrant, the success story, the man everyone loves to hate.

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SEX INJURIES—With sexual boundaries broadening and ardent lovers engaging in kinkier behavior, the number of sexual injuries is rising. Unusual sex acts

between understanding partners have caused horrible mutilations and even deaths. Dr. Peter Wisniewski and Holly Smith's **SEX PLAY** is a thorough guide to how you and your lover can live your wildest sexual fantasies—safely.

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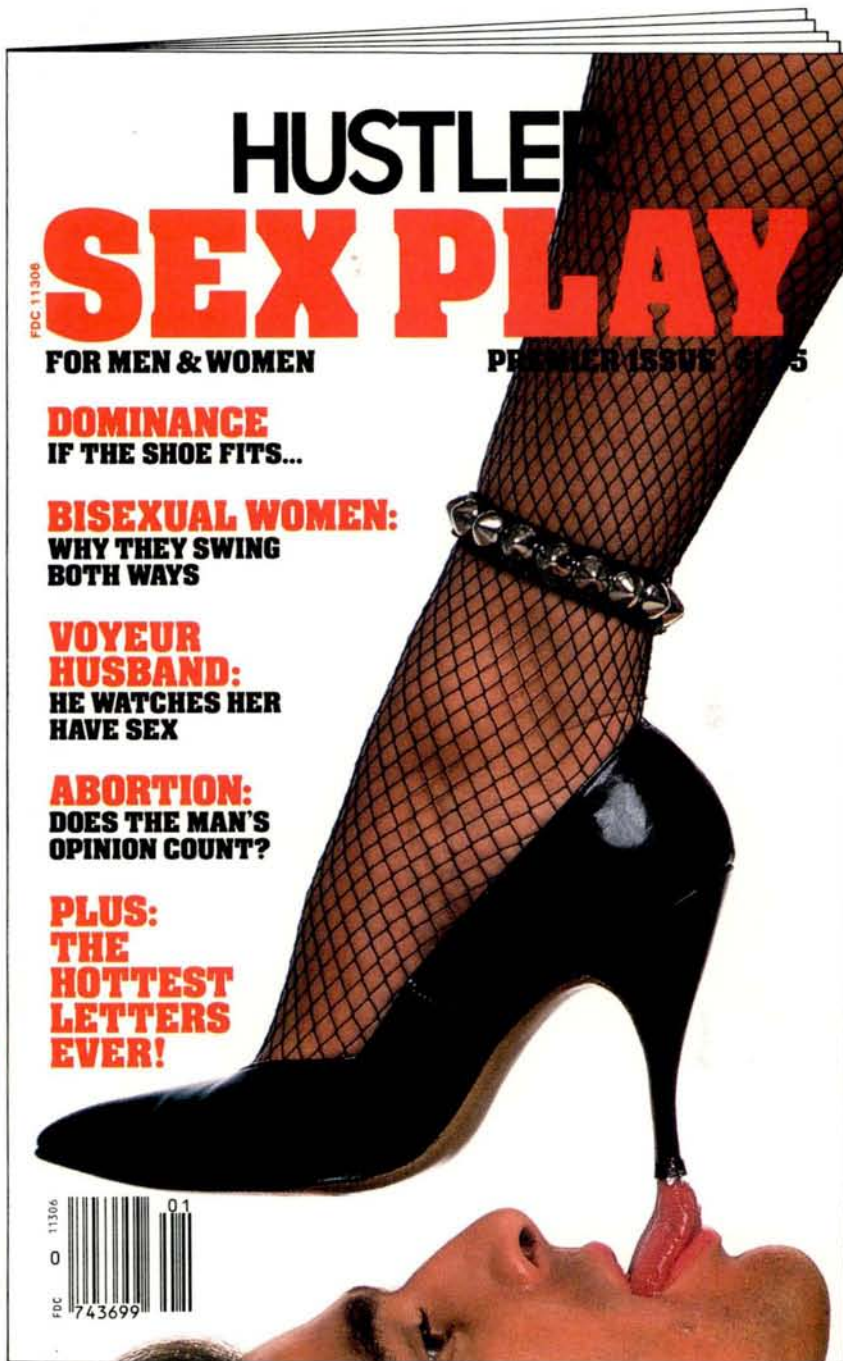


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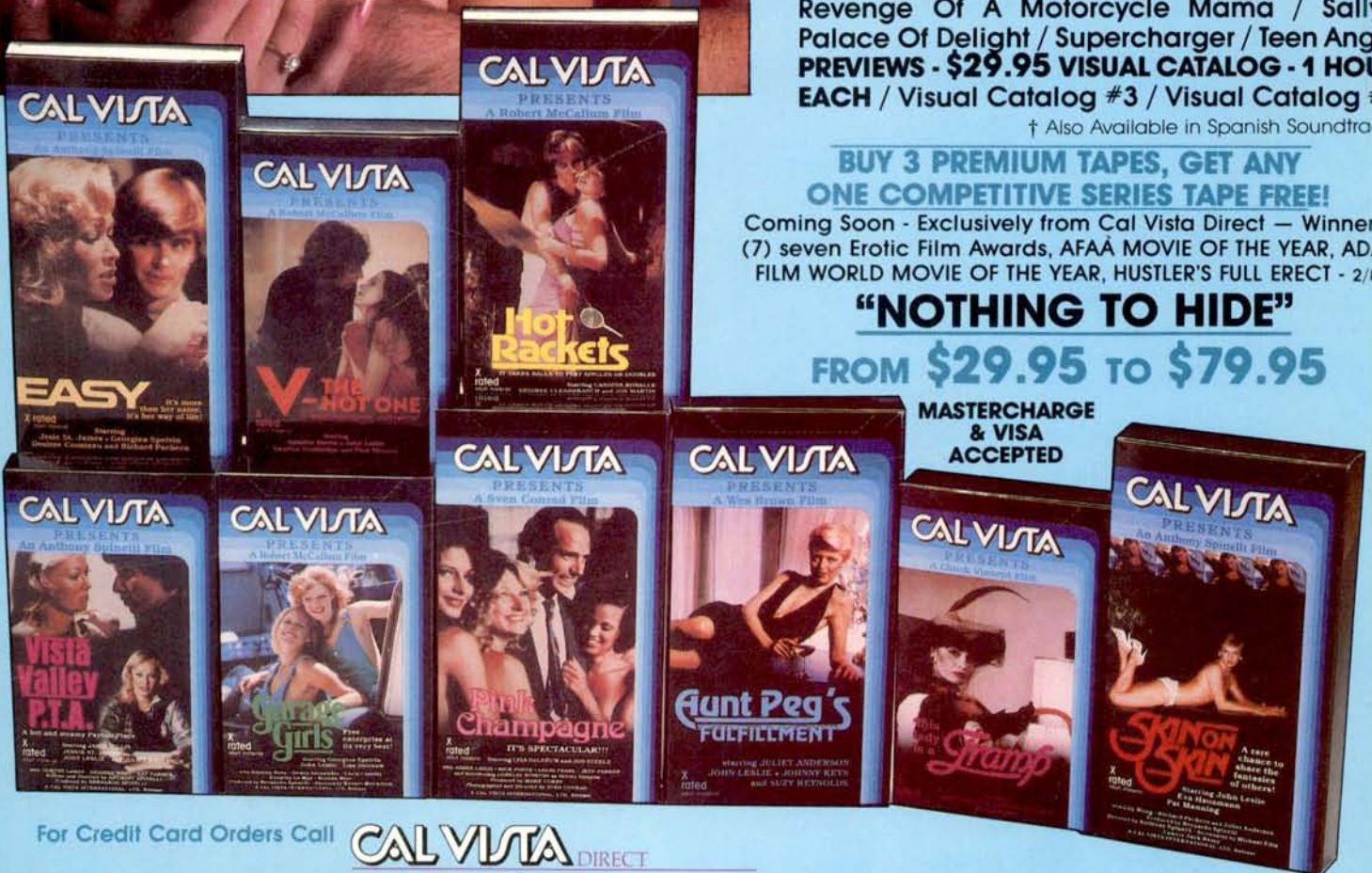
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